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Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &C.

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The Maine Farmer.

N. T. TRUE, S. L. BOARDMAN, } Editors.

Our Home, Our Country, and our Brother Man

Agricultural Fairs in Maine---1867.

[We publish below a list of those Agricultural Societies which hold exhibitions this fall, with the time and place, so far as they have come to our knowledge. The list will be kept standing, and we hope the Secretaries of Societies not mentioned below will forward us the necessary information, including name of the person who is to deliver the annual address, that our list may be corrected as early as possible, so as to include all the Societies that are to hold Fairs this season:]

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY at Providence, R. I., Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th.

STATE HORSE EXHIBITION, at Augusta, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 3d, 4th and 5th.

HANCOCK, at Ellsworth, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 1st, 2d and 3d.

SOMERSET CENTRAL, at Skowhegan, Wednesday and Thursday Sept. 25th and 27th.

WALDO, at Belfast, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 25th, 26th and 27th.

WEST PENOBSCOT, at Exeter, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 24th, 25th and 26th.

FRANKLIN, at Farmington, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 1st, 2d and 3d.

YORK, at Saco and Biddeford, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 8th, 9th and 10th.

EAST SOMERSET, at Hartland, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 10th and 11th.

Agricultural Education.

There is one point in the discussion of this subject we have hardly seen touched upon in the history of agricultural schools in this country, and that is they have had no capital as a basis, and it is just as impossible to run such an insitution any length of time without a permanent, well founded basis in the shape of a good fund, as it is to do business on a great scale in mercantile pursuits without capital. In looking back upon the abortive attempts to furnish an agricultural education to young men in this country, we shall find its history like this. Some enthusiastic teacher has advertised in some institution that agricultural science would be taught there, and sometimes the institution has received the name of a college, and a few students would attend and receive such instructtion as the facilities furnished. But there was no basis. The enthusiastic teacher was found not equal to his task. He had no capital to work with, and the community did not appreciate his merits, and his agricultural school became a failure.

Another attempt was made upon the public mind to establish a sort of patent institution where the student could learn to analyze everybody's soil so as to tell him how to cultivate it, or rather so that every farmer could be his own practical chemist. These absurd notions had their day, and though they actually did much for the time to retard the cause of agricultural education, yet they were not without their use in leading men to form more correct views on the whole subject of agricultural education. We think the idea is now pretty effectually exploded that we are to make very learned men in our agricultural colleges, and that the great object at precent is to turn out a class of young men who shall have a sound and practical education. This is just what is needed, and any institution that loses sight of this object will cause the whole thing to be a failure. We know it appears a little more bookish to hear a man talk learnedly about the higher mathematics, and the mysteries of analytical chemistry, and a knowledge of French and German so as to enable the student to read important agricultural subjects in these languages, but we think that any one who has had any experience in teaching the young will see the folly of introducing such subjects to any extent in our agricultural colleges, at least for the present.

Suppose a young man from a rural district presents himself at the doors of an agricultural college for admission. His face is sunburnt, but looks healthy and round, and his whole frame is well knit together. He has attended the district school, and learned something of arithmetic, geography, and English grammar. He has seen a list of subjects taught at the agricultural college, and his curiosity as well as his ambition leads him to desire to know more than he can acquire at home. Now here, in our opinion, is just the kind of material we want to enter our new college —young men who have labored on a farm, and who expect to labor there all their lives. If the college has facilities for instruction so that he can avail himself of them at a cheap rate, he will induce his father to send him, and if he can go there and make further advances in his English studies, attend to theoretical and practical surveying, the first principles of chemistry, and their practical application to the ten thousand opportunities that present themselves to him all the way through life, (and this is a point of the greatest importance,) and learn how to use tools in the mechanic shop, so as to make and repair implements to a certain extent, graft and bud trees, bleed an ox or horse, and many other things which will come into his daily round of duties in after life, he will then be fitted to engage in farming with vastly more elevated and intelligent views of what farming is.

If we want our college to be the place where a few gentlemen's sons can go, and be gentlemen while there, a different course should be pursued; but we trust that the Trustees of our College at Orono will aim first at making the college as practical in its character as possible. Any other course we believe will prove a failure. Situated as we are in Maine, we think it a matter of little importance whether the students spend much or little time on the farm while at school. They should have the opportunity at any rate of seeing how things are done, so they may imitate the best plans, but we think their chief attention should be directed to the intellectual part of their education while at the school.

It is impossible to give a plan on paper which shall work well in detail. Each college officer should have a good share of plain, practical common sense which will enable him to adapt his course of study to the wants of his pupils. We recently heard a person ask a teacher who was teaching a deaf child how to talk, what plan she pursued. She replied that she had no plan—every step was original to her. Just so must it be in our agricultural schools. The man befitting the place will rely but little on precedents to guide him, but will depend largely on his own tact in ascertaining the intellectual wants of his pupils, and adapt his instruction accordingly.

We have never doubted the success of a well managed agricultural school. Our great fears have ever been that its managers would be in haste to go beyond their means and overlook the heads of those whom they were designed to benefit. The position of its managers is much like that of a young man without business habits to whom ten or twenty thousand dollars is left for him suddenly to take possession of and manage. We all know that it requires an expert business man to manage ten thousand dollars so as to keep his capital good, and for men to engage in founding an agricultural college, we certainly shall commend them if they act like the young man who commences life with a little capital and gradually adds to it by his industry and experience. We cherish warm expectations for our own college, and sincerely hope its managers will lay the foundations of such an institution as shall cause many hereafter to rise up and call them blessed for their wise efforts in behalf of the coming generations.

Inconsistent Premiums.

One of the leading newspapers of New England which maintains an able agricultural department—the Boston *Watchman and Reflector*—in its last issue, has an article in reference to the inconsistences evident in the premium list of the New England Agricultural Society, which is certainly worthy of notice; and we allude to it, not so much for the purpose of condemning the course of this Society, as of exhibiting it as a warning for local societies, who of late years have been tempted to fall into the same course to a greater extent than is advisable. For instance:—While fifty-two dollars are offered for foreign grapes which require hot house culture, but thirty are offered for those that will ripen in the open air, and but forty-nine dollars for apples. Seventeen dollars are appropriated for potatoes, and twenty-four for green house plants. Maple sugar, of which there were 13,000,000 lbs. made in the New England States in 1860, is to receive two premiums—one of five dollars, and one of three; while for floral designs, intended as an ornament for the dinner table, three premiums, amounting to twenty dollars, are offered. To encourage the growth of root crops nine dollars, in three premiums are offered, while the handsome sum of three hundred and twenty dollars is set down for flowers. Only ten dollars each are offered for wheat, rye, barley, oats and corn; and the sum offered for a single trot exceeds the entire amount offered for grain, vegetables, fruit, grasses, butter, cheese, maple syrup, cranberries, swine, poultry, fat cattle and native stock. To stimulate the dairy products of New England, the society offer fifty dollars in premiums for butter, and thirty dollars in premiums for cheese, while at the same time they offer the liberal sum of *five thousand seven hundred dollars* in premiums for trotting horses!

Now this is the point to which we wish to direct special attention. Premiums for fast horses have absorbed too large a proportion of the funds of our State and local societies for the past few years, and the trotting horse has received an undue share of attention. And we certainly think the above course, if adopted hereafter by this Society, of offering more than half its premiums for the various classes of trotting and fancy horses, and leaving other important branches of industry in the background, will, more than all else, weaken its influence for good, render it foreign to the purposes for which it was founded, and bring it into ill favor with the producing classes of New England. In the words of our contemporary, we believe it is "a complete absurdity for a society for promoting agriculture to offer more than half the sum appropriated for premiums, for horse-racing, when success as often depends on the skill of the jockey as on the excellence of the horse; and in what way this course is going to stimulate agricultural productions is beyond our comprehension."

Queries about Mules.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Having observed an article in your valuable paper entitled, "Why not use Mules?" the idea struck me very favorably. As it is quite inconvenient for a farmer to be obliged to shift his team as often as it is necessary that he should, in using horses, as the horse is not actually fit for severe service until he is six years old, and it is necessary that he should be disposed of as soon as he is ten, if not there is a loss in keeping him. These statements are very different from those with regard to mules as contained in the article to which I have alluded, which are no doubt true. If it would not be intruding I would like to make a few inquiries with regard to mules, as I think it would be gratefully received by many of the farmers of this section:

1. Where can young mules be obtained?
2. How could they be transported from one place to another? Can they be led or rode?
3. How old do they have to be to do the work of a three-year-old colt?
4. At what price can one, two and three year olds that will weigh when grown 950 or 1000 pounds be obtained? Also what is the best time of year to go for them? If you or your correspondents think the above worthy of notice, you will confer a great favor upon many subscribers in general, and one in particular, by answering them. LONG EARS.

Charleston.

NOTE. We can reply to "Long-Ears" only in general terms. It is everywhere conceded that mules are the strongest animals for their size, will endure the most hard work, and get along with the least to eat or drink of any animal we use for work. The almost universal impression that mules are vicious, is really unfounded, and the general experience received from the use of tens of thousands of mules in the army during the late rebellion, is that one seldom kicks or has any vice that has not been taught them. It is the same with mules as with horses, they are of all qualities from bad to good, and in selecting one, if judgment is used, a good animal can be obtained, one of intelligence and easily taught, and also one possessing other desirable qualities. In selecting an animal beware of long-legged, slab-sided, small-bellied mules—they are not reliable. Choose one that resembles the best brood mares in shape of body or barrel, they have endurance and are easily kept. A good, high bred mule, will carry a high head, with ears in motion, and is quick to see and hear. The legs of the mule should be broad and thin, with joints large in proportion to the size of their legs.

Mules are bred and used extensively in the Southern, Middle, and Western States, but we are unable to state what such a pair as our correspondent inquires for, would cost. They could be easily transported to Maine by cars, and we trust some one will be able to answer definitely the questions propounded by "Long Ears."—EDS.

Destroying Ragweed--Query.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Will you or some one of your readers please inform me, through the columns of the MAINE FARMER, how to exterminate ragweed from a farm, in the cheapest, and most effectual manner.

E. J. CHAD.

Newton Centre, Mass., Aug. 7th, 1867.

NOTE. We append this note to our correspondent's query only to call attention to the importance of the subject it mentions. Ragweed is a worthless and troublesome plant, and upon some farms among us has obtained a sure foothold which it holds with great pertinancy. Do any of our correspondents know of any method of destroying it, or checking its growth, that is at all feasible and successful? If so we hope they will make it known.—EDS.

Treatment of Grape Vines.

Pinch off the ends of all runners, and cut out when convenient with a pair of scissors all feeble shoots. This will give vigor to the remaining shoots and they will ripen all the better for winter. Do not pull off the leaves with the idea of hastening the fruit to ripen. While the grape likes warmth it also likes the shade, and the clusters will ripen better beneath their natural protection than when exposed to the glare of the sun.

Vineyard Culture.

VINEYARD CULTURE: Improved and Cheapened. By A. Du Breuil, Paris. Translated by E. & C. Parker, of Langworth's Wine House. With notes and adaptations to American Culture by John A. Warder. 144 illustrations. Cincinnati, Ohio: Robert Clarke & Co. 1867. 12 mo. pp. 337. Price $2.

The author of this treatise is teacher of vine and tree culture in the Imperial School of Arts and Trades, Paris, and has traveled in this capacity in the different provinces of France, as a lecturer employed by the Government. In preparing the work for American readers, its revision could not have been placed in better hands than those of Dr. Warder; yet in examining the work, we cannot suppress the feeling that in many instances the notes are put in where there is really little call for them—we could mention many instances if it were necessary—and that if the matter was separated, the notes being published by themselves there would really be little need of the original work, as the former comprise nearly all of any value to our cultivators, and works written by our own grape growers are better adapted for the use of American vineyardists.

The publishers have brought out the work in good style, upon tinted paper, and with rubricated title, leaving nothing to be desired in point of mechanical execution. Sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price.

A REMARKABLE SHEEP. A subscriber informs us that Mr. John Rouke of Pittston, now has a ewe sheep which is seventeen years of age. Her teeth are as smooth as those of a healthy four-year-old, and she is in good condition. She has raised twenty-nine lambs, including thirteen pairs of twins, and has not lost a lamb until the present spring. Her record is worth publishing.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Winter Wheat, Once more.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have received a copy of your excellent paper and tender my hearty thanks for the complimentary note appended to my communication in your issue of August 1st. I beg to say to your farming readers, that there is not a farm in Maine, if such it may be called, that will not produce wheat. It is one of its legitimate crops. In the days of Shepard Cary, Esq. of Houlton, he raised large crops of wheat. Take the Sandy river country, sweeping through the Kennebec to the Penobscot, and who can doubt the capacity and fertility of those lands to grow wheat?—The contrary of this would be simply an absurdity.

As I stated in my previous communication, prepare your seed in brine and ashes or slaked lime. One object in this is to destroy weevil, or their eggs, if such may be the case; for how does it happen that this enemy appears unless it is brought in the grain? It has no affinity with other grains and probably no paternity in the natural soil of Maine; hence, to what other conclusions shall we come regarding its origin? These alkalies have the triple purpose to quicken the germ, fertilize it, and to destroy insects; and by stirring the grain, the bad seed rises, and should be skimmed off. Chess grass sometimes appears, but it should be plucked up by the roots as it cannot escape the eye. It grows in beautiful clusters.

Four bushels of wheat weighing sixty pounds, say two hundred and forty pounds, can not fall far short of the value of a barrel of flour, one hundred and ninety-six pounds, to the family. Forty bushels to the acre—which is quite a possibility with high cultivation—is equivalent to ten barrels of flour. This, I am aware, looks a little extravagant, but it is not much wide of the mark. Ninety-two bushels of winter wheat was raised by Samuel Frothingham, Jr., on Melton Hill, six miles from Boston, on two acres of pasture land, dressed deep with pig manure and plowed in. A portion of it got crippled in a shower or it would have yielded a hundred bushels he thought. I sold him four bushels of seed and this was the splendid result. I could multiply cases, but I do not deem it necessary.

One or two have stated their ill success in the *N. E. Farmer* the past year, but late sowing and little attention to cultivation sometimes are the drawbacks. There is no crop but is liable to failure some seasons. Your suggestion, Messrs. Editors, that each farmer in Maine should try "an acre" is a good one. How many acres would this give your State? Probably seed wheat can be obtained in Boston. I did not intend to inflict upon the patience of your readers, and trust other and more able advocates will appear.

HENRY POOR.

Brooklyn, L. I., August. 8th.

NOTE. There are in Maine seventy thousand farmers. If each of these were to sow an acre of winter wheat this fall, and it should only yield the minimum crop of sixteen bushels to the acre, it would give the somewhat startling amount of one million, one hundred and twenty thousand bushels; equal to two hundred and eighty thousand barrels of flour, and saving to the farmers of our State, over three millions of dollars, (reckoning flour at only twelve dollars a barrel) which could be judiciously expended in farm improvements or devoted to the education of the rising generation. Are not these results worth making a mighty effort to obtain?—EDS.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Woodpecker.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In No. 34 of the FARMER, I find an argument in favor of the wooddpecker, by "H." of Monmouth. He thinks I can be satisfied by examining my trees that the woodpecker does not damage them; that he is only pecking for worms under the bark, but I must dissent from him and many others who have the same belief. No doubt there are instances when the trees are diseased or unthrifty where the woodpecker will find insects lodged under the bark; but with me they do not trouble poor trees. They select the smoothest, most thrifty ones, not only apple trees, but also my choicest shade trees, the mountain ash, and silver leaf, trees that are easily bored, and make their holes so nearly together—in rings both on the trunk and branches—as to destroy the "sliver." As they continue to revisit these trees thus tapped, I am inclined to think they are looking after such insects as may crawl in either for shelter or to feed on the sap of the tree, now accessible for them.

If "H." or any one else will satisfy me that the woodpecker is servicable rather than injurious among my trees, I will gladly "spare the birds" and save powder and shot for larger game. S. N. T.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Plea for Bee-Keeping.

Why do not more people keep bees? It is surprising that so lucrative a branch of husbandry should be thus neglected, as it is by many of our best farmers. It should be the design of a farmer to push everything forward in his line that will pay, and surely few things, with the same outlay will pay better than bees. A few swarms—enough to supply a large family with honey through the year—are cheaply kept and the profit is very great. Ten good colonies should make, in any common season, four hundred pounds of box honey, which at present prices would bring in the market not less than $100; saying nothing about the young swarms that would be sent out each year, which would alone give a man from one hundred to three hundred per cent. interest on his money expended on the original stock. Sugar and molasses would of course be preferred to honey for many culinary purposes, but if a family has more honey than they can consume it can easily be exchanged for these, and the amount thus saved will in most cases be found no small matter of economy.

GEO. W. P. J.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Good Colt.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—I have noticed in your paper an account of a valuable colt raised in Palermo and thought to be large, and in fact it is, but I have one four years old the first of June last, which is still larger. It is a mare colt of a dapple grey and weighed when four years old, (about two months since) 1,202 pounds. The hight in hands I do not know. The dam is a full blooded Morgan mare from Vermont.

DANIEL TIFFANY.

Dresden, Aug. 4th, 1867.

For the Maine Farmer.

Fruit Trees for Ornament and Shade.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As no farm looks complete or home like without trees of some kind near the buildings, it seems desirable that such trees should be set in the yards and by the way-side as will combine taste with profit. True, there are many situations where fruit trees may not flourish, especially if left to care for themselves, like the maple and the elm. But if we wish to embellish our grounds with trees, vines or shrubs, we must have them not only well formed, but must keep them well fed and cared for.

In travelling over the State, we often notice coarse and unsightly trees, designed for shade and ornament, and not unfrequently there is a coarseness and neglect in other surroundings beside the uncared for trees—Again, we pass the attractive home of some farmer, who has aimed to utilize and adorn his grounds by filling his yards and every spare nook with choice fruit trees, small fruits and grape vines. Who can fail to admire a well trained fruit tree either when redolent with blossoms, or bending gracefully with its load of rich fruit? An apple or pear tree may be made really ornamental by careful culture and training, beside giving, as good returns for the attention bestowed, as the favorite cow. If a certain class of farmers could be persuaded to invest a small sum in planting and cultivating choice fruit trees, one step, at least, would be taken toward making the "old place" more attractive. The boys and girls too would be less inclined to leave the fruitful shade for a roving life; and it is encouraging to see the growing taste for orcharding and the choicest fruit so disseminated that it can be readily propagated by most farmers. When good trees can not be easily obtained, be sure and have seed planted this fall. Let the boys try their luck in the nursery business until they get trees enough for a good fruit garden or orchard, and learn to graft them. I know of farmers who dare not set out choice fruit trees even near their dwellings, for fear their boys, or somebody's boys who see but little tempting fruit, will "hook" the crops before gathering time. But they had better give them "an interest" in the trees and let them help grow a bountiful crop. We read of cherry trees in Germany set for miles by the way-side where the traveller can freely eat what he chooses, except such as the owner wishes to reserve. This he "taboes", and the stranger is honorable enough to pass them untouched. Is it impossible that the same practice may not prevail in our own country?

S. N. T.

For the Maine Farmer.

Queries in Relation to an Orchard.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I wish to prepare the ground the present season for setting an orchard another spring. The ground is a black loam, free from stones, and having a rotten, shelly ledge on another part of my lot, I think of placing a cart load of the pulverlaid ledge in each hole before putting on the soil preparatory to setting the trees. Will you, or some of your numerous correspondents give me your opinion on this idea; I also wish, if any one has been fortunate enough to discover a remedy to prevent the fruit from falling from the trees before it has matured, I would be glad to hear from them. I have about thirty-six trees set out on land adjacent to the ledge; they are doing finely, and are now from six to ten inches through. They have been set out thirteen years, and though very thrifty and making wood very fast, most of them are not very prolific bearers, especially the Greenings. They blossom finely year after year, yet, fewer and fewer still mature. I have laid it down to grass, but manure it liberally with barn dressing, compost and marsh muck, all seeming to facilitate the growth of the trees but not the fruit. Cannot some one suggest where good trees, adapted to the soil and climate of Maine can be obtained?

I have heard the suggestion that girdling trees would cause them to bear and prevent the apples from falling off before matured. It seems at first thought rather a risky, or to say the least, a pretty powerful remedy; but I had a small tree not more than four inches through to which a pet calf was thoughtlessly tied, that was very nearly girdled by the rope, some three years ago, and that tree has borne quite full every season since; but what the result will prove to the tree, time alone must tell. Will not others who have experimented farther in this line give us their results? The ground under some of my trees is thickly strown with fruit one fourth grown. Would it be wise to remove those to the pig yard to destroy the worm that occupies them? [Yes.—EDS.] JOSEPH WELLS.

Kennebunk, July 20, 1867.

For the Maine Farmer.

About Bees.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have two swarms of bees, and consequently claim the privilege of being heard, on this ever-interesting and exhaustless subject. One year ago last March I purchased one swarm of native bees. June 15th, they threw out a swarm and in ten days another. The first swarm did well—filled their hive with honey and a small box of surplus. The second swarm got hardly enough to winter on and I took them up. At the approach of cold weather I put the two hives in a dry cellar in a dark place. In January the old swarm died for want of breath, superinduced by a want of honey—a post mortem examination proving the above facts. The new swarm wintered well, having honey enough; and they have filled their hive this season and a surplus box of eight pounds, and last month, July 15th, threw out a large swarm which appears to be doing well, though late, and it remains to be seen whether they will collect food enough to winter them.

But the cause of my present writing is on account of an article in a July number of your paper, by Joseph Taylor, in which he says Mr. Richardson of Belgrade wintered a colony of bees in the *open air*, which, *in consequence*, did extraordinary well, throwing out three new swarms; while another colony kept in the cellar swarmed but once. Now what we who are interested in bee-keeping wish to know, is, whether it is for our interest and success to leave our bees exposed to the cold freezing influences of our Maine winters with no protection, or give them comfortable winter quarters, such as all prudent farmers give to other animals. The impression I have got from a general reading of the FARMER and other agricultural papers is that the latter is the best course. The experience of Mr. Taylor seems to give rise to doubt in the matter. We don't wish to be led astray. How shall we winter our bees? J. CLAY.

Buxton, Aug. 6, 1867.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Few Farm Items.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—WINE. I wish to make a suggestion through your columns to the farmers of Maine, that each one of them this fall make a few gallons of Elderberry wine to use in the field next haying season. They will find that it makes a good drink, not being sufficiently stimulating to excite an appetite for strong drink, and one will find it much better than the use of too much water. Its action upon the system is also first rate. The cost will not exceed one dollar per gallon. Some three years since I made ten gallons and this year I carried it to my field and found that my men were pleased with it and instead of being in the afternoon *water-logged*, they were in good trim for their work.

LICE ON APPLE TREES. One day after a rain storm recently, I found in my garden a young tree badly infested with those vermin. I took a woolen cloth and applied it to remove them, the rain I suppose softening the mucilage which unites them to the tree, I then rubbed over the bark with a woollen cloth well oiled, and since then there has been none on the tree.

LAW OF THE FENCE. Will not some of your legal readers tell me if a man has a field, if he is obliged to fence against other people's cattle, that is, if on one side a man wishes to pasture, is he obliged to build one-half of the fence? If so, is the law right and just? My idea of justice in the matter is that a person should keep his cattle on his own domain and not oblige a neighbor, who perhaps has no cattle and wishes to cut his hay from his own field from year to year, to expend one-half of the income in fencing.

CORN. The finest piece of corn that I have seen this year grew on rock weed just as taken from the shore and put into the hill. S. P. MAYBERRY.

Cape Elizabeth, Aug. 1867.

For the Maine Farmer.

How to Destroy the Cut Worm.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I notice in the FARMER of the 8th inst., that there is no way to head off the cut worm but to dig them out and kill them. The parent of the cut worm is a large miller, often seen flying in the candle light in rooms during the evening. It begins to fly about this time, and bottles of sweetened water hung near buildings and gardens will drown quarts of them. The writer of this article has banished them in this way, after being very much annoyed with them for years. WM. HUNTER.

Bristol, August 12*th.*

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

The grain! the grain! the beautiful grain!
How it laughs to the breeze with a glad refrain,
Blessing the famishing earth in her pain,
Making her smile with glee.

Lifting in praise each bright golden crown,
As it drinks the dew the Father sends down,
Courting the sun's warm lover-like frown,
Returning it smilingly.

The grain! the grain! the beautiful sheaves!
A song of joy their rustling weaves,
For the gracious gift that the earth receives,
Given most royally.

From every hill side, every plain,
Comes the farmer's song as he reaps the grain;
And the summer breeze wafts on the strain,
In wildest harmony.

He pours o'er the earth his brimming horn,
That the valleys may laugh and sing with corn,
While hope, with her death trance, rises new born,
The brighter days to see.

Our Father we thank Thee! the beautiful grain
Brings a blessing like that, when the soft summer rain
Comes down on the parched earth, nor bids it in vain,
Rejoice and hope ever in Thee.

Hope ever, and trust! Thy thoughts, not like ours;
Thou sendest the drought, then bringest the flowers,
Withholdest the grain, then, with magical showers,
A glorious harvest we see.

And so for the grain! the beautiful grain!
The golden, the laughing, the glad refrain,
Blessing the famishing earth, in her pain,—
We offer our worship to Thee.

Top-dressing Mowing Lands.

There is a diversity of opinion as to how manure should be applied to the land—whether it should be buried deep, spread on the surface, or slightly worked in. The conclusions of science, the most carfully conducted experiments, and nature teaching by example, all confirm the fact, that manure applied to the surface and harrowed in is the best mode of application for crops in general. This is also confirmed by our long experience, many experiments, and much careful observation.

Johnston says that experience has shown that top-dressing with fermented manures is more advantageous than plowing it in. Von Thaer states, "that repeated comparative experiments made during several seasons, have satisfied him that dung, whether rotten or fresh and long, when spread upon the land after the sowing of peas, is not only more advantageous to the crop than in the ground, but it is also more able to the growth of the succeeding corn than if it had been loosened by the plow;" and, further that "experience had demonstrated the correctness of this opinion in a manner so striking as to destroy all those theoretical principles by which it might seem to be contradicted." The correctness of these conclusions is fully confirmed by experiments instituted by our Board of Agriculture.

Fear of loss of evaporation, exposure to the air and the want of due appreciation of the powerful agency of the air and the sunshine, in increasing the power of manure when applied to the surface, have been injurious to farmers and prevented them from top-dressing their mowing lands to a sufficient extent, in order to realize the most from crops of grass, which may be considered, when well cultivated, one of the most profitable of our staple crops. Land so dressed, when taken up, shows in the subsequent crops of grain, &c., that it does not forget the top-dressings.

In order to obtain the largest crops of grass, the land should be top-dressed as soon as the hay crop is taken off, and no more of the aftermath removed than is absolutely necessary, as the second crop or close grazing deprivies the roots of the grass of that natural protection from the effects of the frost and which nature designed grass roots should have. The violation of this natural law is one of the causes of the grasses running out so soon and quite too many short hay crops.

Grass lands should be top-dressed as soon as practicable after hay is taken off, because it supplies that immediate protection to the grass roots, which nature designed they should have in the ripened grass. It also feeds the roots exhausted by the production of the crop taken and strengthens them for renewed action. Bulk is as essential as quality in the top-dressing;—therefore, the manure should be extended by composting, muck, etc

Thus, while the land gets all the strength of the manure, the protection given to the roots is in proportion to the bulk of the compost. We have known some of the very best and most successful of farmers top-dress their mowing land with nothing but ordinary loam for years, and they have assured me that this practice paid well, not only in larger hay crops, but in relieving them of the necessity and expenses of taking up their land so often on account of the grass being run out.

Make some experiments, farmers, in this line; top-dress in August; spare the aftermath, if you can, and next year at this time you will be urging your neighbors to top-dress in August, and telling them "that cutting rowen is cutting ruin."—H. C. M. *in Boston Advertiser.*

Fevers and Fruits.

Let's have a little talk about orchards and gardens, as life-preservers. Many a farmer thinks he "can't fuss about a garden" with vegetables and small fruits in ample variety, hardly about an orchard, especially beyond apple trees. So he goes on to weightier matters of grain, or stock, or dairy, and eats potatoes, wheat bread, pork and salt beef, all summer long; no fine variety of vegetables, no grateful berries, no luscious peaches or juicy cherries. By October fever comes, or bowel complaints of some kind, or some congestive troubles, most likely. He is laid up, work stops a month, the doctor comes, and he "drags round" all winter, and the doctor's bill drags, too. The poor wife, meanwhile, gets dyspectic, constipated, has fever too, perhaps, and she "just crawls round." What's the matter? They don't know, poor souls. Would they build a hot fire in July and shut the doors? Of course not—in their rooms; but they have done just that in their poor stomach. How so? They have been eating, all summer, the heat producing food, fit for a cold season, but not for a warm one. A Greenlander can eat candles and whale fat, because they create heat. In January we are up toward Greenland—in climate.

A Hindoo lives on rice, juicy fruits and tropic vegetables, cooling and opening to the symtem. In July we move toward Hindostan, in a heat almost tropical. Diet must change, too.

Have apples, pears, cherries, &c., from the orchard every day, of early and late kinds. Let there be plenty of good vegetables, raspberries, strawberries, &c. It takes a little time and trouble, but its the cheapest way to pay the doctor's bills. And, bless your dear souls, these things taste good!

You study what feed is good for pigs and cattle.—All right; but wife and children are of higher consequence; and it's a shame if, with all our great gifts of intellect and intuition, we do not obey the Divine laws in our own physical being so well that the doctor shall visit the house less than the horse-doctor goes to the barn. Don't fail of vegetables, berries, and fruits. Try it, and you'll say we haven't told half the truth. —*Rural New Yorker.*

Window Plants.

These suffer much at this season from the high and dry temperatures at which it is necessary for human comfort to keep our dwellings. Air can seldom be admitted from the lowness of the external temperature. Saucers of water under the plants do much to remedy the drying from which room plants suffer. In such cases, however, so much water must not be given to these plants as those without saucers. The water is drawn up into the soil by attraction, and though the surface will appear dry, they will be wet enough just beneath. The more freely a plant is growing, the more water will it require; and the more it grows, the more sun and light will it need. In all cases, nearest the light. The best aspect for room plants is those which seem to grow the fastest should be placed the southeast. They seem like animals, in their affection for the morning sun. The first morning ray is worth a dozen in the evening. Should any of our fair readers find her plants, by some unlucky miscalculation, frozen in the morning, do not remove them at once to a warm place, but dip them in cold water, and set them in a dark spot, where they will barely escape freezing; sun-light will only help the frost's destructive power.

But, besides the aridity of the atmosphere, a more dangerous enemy to room plants are the fumes of burning gas. Many a lady, who grew plants while the family was poor, and they lived in cozy rooms by old wood-stoves, wonders why, when rich enough to "get the gas introduced," she has no more "luck" with plants. Where plants are grown in gas-lighted rooms, especial cabinets must be provided to inclose them from the space in which the gas-burners operate. *Gardener's Monthly.*

Mixed Husbandry.

Every farmer must buy certain articles, as clothing, tea, coffee, sugar, tools, and live stock, of one sort or another. To pay for these by his farming, he must sell some product of his farm, and the test of successful husbandry is in the answer to the question, What does he sell? In some sections of the country the answer is manifest. The Southern planter sells cotton, sugar or rice; the Western farmer sells wheat, corn, cattle or swine; the English farmer, who pursues the four-course system, sells his wheat, barley, and wool, and consumes his grass and turnips on the farm. In some parts of New England, agriculture is systematized, so that one region is a sheep district, and another a dairy district; but in the greater part of it we can hardly be said to have a system. Yet the portion of our farmers who live, as it were, "without visible means of support," of whom it is difficult to answer the question how they get a living, are often quite as prosperous as any others. They carry on a sort of miscellaneous system, a mixed husbandry, each somewhat peculiar in his course, but each successful in his way. A casual observer would be puzzled to know what they could possibly sell to bring the year round. Go to one of their neighbors, however, and inquire particularly, and the mystery will be at once solved. You will ascertain that the class of farmers of whom we are speaking raise whatever the farm will produce, which supplies home consumption. The farm gives them annually their milk, butter, corn, oats, rye, potatoes, garden vegetables, pork, and meats generally, the butcher's bill being paid in calves or fat cattle. To these may be added flour on many farms.

Then you will be told that neighbor A has a fine apple orchard, which, one year with anothers gives him two or three hundred dollars; or a cranberry meadow, equally productive, and he sells besides some hundreds of bushels of potatoes. Neighbor B. has a couple of acres of asparagus, which bring him $1,000 a year; and neighbor C. a strawberry patch, of like size and profit—and all these men keep half a dozen cows, from which they get another $500 in butter. Others are supplying milk for the city market, and keep their dozen or twenty cows, delivering their cans at their own door to the milkman, who runs a cart to the city. Each cow should, at present rates, yield about $100 worth of milk each year. Another neighbor sells hay, having got the start of the rest, and secured the manure of a livery stable or hotel. Those within fifty miles of a city, and near a railroad, often engage in some branch of market gardening, and have their acre of cabbages and beets and peas. One of our neighbors, says the *Ohio Farmer*, raises every year acres of "pickles," which the unitiated call cucumbers, and realizes more than $200 an acre for them, under a regular contract, to a Boston dealer. Others have vineyards of the Concord grape, from which fabulous profits have been made in the sale of the fruit at twelve to twenty cents per pound.

It will be seen that we have been glancing at the neighborhood of Boston; but observation in almost any other portion of New England will give similar results, and will show that mixed husbandry, although it requires more brains to manage it than a more regular system, is, after all, the only plan upon which an old and broken soil can well be cultivated. This class of farmers are far richer than they seem, rich in all that makes life desirable, enjoying for their families the highest advantages of education, of religious culture, and, above all others,

"The glorious privilege of being independent."

Brush.

It is customary among farmers, after haying, to mow the alders and other brush in their pastures and other fields, and we believe that most are satisfied that alders cannot thus be destroyed, and that grubbing up, or the use of the plow, are they only sure remedies. It has been said that if alders are cut clean and close in the month of November, their roots will generally die; we are inclined to believe from some facts in our own experience, that this is true where they grow thick and consequently are not so deep rooted—on account of the ground under them being mulched with their leaves and shaded. We have cut alders nearly annually, on the same ground, for some thirty years, with little success in destroying them. Instead of the scythe, we have adapted the practice, when there is a dry time in the spring, before the grass starts, where the brush is very thick, of burning them. If the wind is strong and in the right direction, and the leaves and rubbish dry, they may thus be swept off clean with great dispatch. It is thorough and rapid and the burning makes a pleasant work for the boys, who kindle up or scatter the fire as needed, in order to make clean work and carry a large sweep before the wind.

For several years in some of our low lands where the alders are very thick and large, we have been in the habit of cutting them for fire-wood, from the middle of October till the second week in December, and whenever we have done this late, and cut them clean, we have observed that the roots have generally died. This is the only way and time, in our experience, in which alders have been destroyed or materially crippled by cutting.

Around cultivated fields and in meadows all brush should be cut close annually. Where this is done the labor of keeping the brush crippled is but little trouble. It improves very much the appearance of the fields and relieves them from the injurious effects of rank tall brush. Mowers are shy about putting their grass scythes into the brush. Therefore, we always have a good sharp brush scythe for the purpose of trimming out the young brush beside the fences, at the time we cut the grass. If not done then, this important matter is often forgotten or neglected.

Killing and Dressing Poultry.

Almost every locality has its own system, but I may advert to a few facts on this subject: poultry, when bled to death, is much whiter in the flesh. I should advise the following plan, as the very best, causing instant death without pain or disfigurement:—

Open the beak of the fowl, then with a pointed and narrow knife, make an incission at the back of the roof, which will divide the vertebræ and cause immediate death; after which hang the fowl up by the legs till the bleeding ceases; then rinse the beak out with vinegar and water. Fowls killed in this manner keep longer and do not present the unsightly external marks as those killed by the ordinary system of wringing the neck. When the entrails are drawn immediately after death, and the fowl stuffed, as they do in France with paper shavings or short cocoa-nut fibers to preserve their shape, they will keep much longer fresh. Some breeders cram their poultry before killing, to make them appear heavy; this is a most injudicious plan, as the undigested food soon enters into fermentation, and putrefaction takes place, as is evidenced by the quantity of greenish, putrid-looking fowls that are seen in the markets.—*Geylin's Poultry Breeding—Published by A Williams & Co. Boston Mass.*

Barking Apple Trees.

There is a certain period in the season, when the bark may be stripped wholly from the trunks of apple trees, without destroying them. It must be at a time when some new bark has been just formed beneath the old, thus forming a sufficient coating for a new growth. It is necessary that the old bark be taken off, without rubbing or chafing the new surface. We lately examined an old orchard in the town of Brighton, near Rochester, a part of the trees of which had been divested of their bark about a year ago. They were found in a thrifty, healthy condition, the trunks being covered with a smooth new bark of a uniform thickness of about one-sixteenth of an inch. We are unable to say how long the season continues, when this operation may be performed with safety, nor what degree of benefit or injury is likely to result. In the present case, the trees were certainly much improved in smoothness of appearance. Have

The Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, Aug. 22, 1867.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER, $2.00 in advance, or $2.50 if not paid within three months of the date of Subscription.

☞ *These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.* ☜

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☞ A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us *the name of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

Mr. V. DARLING is now engaged in canvassing the county of Penobscot, for the MAINE FARMER.

Mr. JAS. SPURGIN will visit our subscribers in Lincoln County during the month of August.

Shoddy.

This word has within a few years secured for itself a peculiar definition which applies to a peculiar class of people. No other word in the English language has so well defined the class of persons to which it applies. It is designed for those who have suddenly acquired wealth, and who put on the most distressing airs to make others know that they are rich. Flaunting colors in dress, big jewels, a measured contempt for all their old associates, are some of their characteristic traits. If they have moved from the country to the city, they go back to the country in summer and are especially careful to let every one know that they never lived in the country and know nothing of it.—"Is that a keow?" said a shoddy lady in our hearing once, who we knew had always lived on a farm till a sudden transformation from moderate circumstances to one of comparative wealth had led her to ignore all of the past. Another shoddy lady wishing to be a little poetical in her conversation, on seeing a cow exclaimed, "What a bewitching switch that cow has to her tail." Another trait may often be seen in the formal use of language. Every word is measured as exactly as if a yardstick was used for the purpose. It always pains us to hear such persons endeavoring to map out the English language.

But it is not this class of people alone to which shoddyism applies, and were they the only ones who are included under this title, we should not think it worth the pains to notice them. It is a principle that is liable to pervade all classes of a society, but differing greatly in degree. We call that shoddyism when we see a man walk the street, or stand or sit in the presence of those whom he thinks inferior to himself, without a recognition of their presence when a single word would raise him infinitely more in the estimation of his supposed inferiors. Such kind of haughty conversation belongs to the Chinese and Japanese gentry. No matter what such a man's pretensions may be, we always spot him as a man of small calibre. The most distinguished men we ever saw were those who could speak a pleasant word to a black man as well as a white one, and would be the last man to put on airs in the presence of his inferiors. We would except from these remarks men who are naturally taciturn, or who are abstracted in business, or who are walking the streets deeply wrapped in their own thoughts. Men are quick to discern the difference between the two classes.

That is shoddyism when a man has been elevated to office, and puts on official airs to show his consequence. We have been told that the boys in the late war, would remind an officer when he put on his shoulder straps for the first time, not to wring his neck off trying to look at them. The boy who has been admitted to the Freshman class in college, or has become a Sophomore, is tempted sometimes to show his shoddyism by the contempt he displays towards his teachers and others, and only finds out by experience that there are some sharp corners in this world which it is best to avoid as much as possible instead of running directly against them. *Shoddyism is exceedingly prevalent* among the female sex. The peculiar look which they alone know how to give each other expressive of their opinions, may be recognized everywhere. It is a wicked, unchristian look, which serves to kill the better feelings which should have a large place in woman's nature.

But nowhere can shoddyism be seen in its fullest development among all classes as at the public fashionable hotels. The true gentleman and lady will be quiet and retiring, the shoddy will be bold and noisy. The shoddy will find nothing fit to eat and make complaints about it in the hearing of the guests. The shoddy family will grab everything in the shape of dessert, and eat and fill their pockets to carry away to be eaten at leisure, while at the same time they expect all their actions to be as conspicuous as possible. It is only when called to settle their bills that their meanness appears to the least advantage. If a man or woman has a weakness of character they will show it sooner at a hotel than anywhere else in the world. It sometimes appears as though they took that special occasion to let the world know how foolish they were. True politeness is utterly opposed to all Shoddyism. It is not necessary to be rich or learned to be polite, and a person who is among strangers and aims at being civil will always pass for a gentleman or lady and be regarded as such, no matter what their situation may be. Times have changed since railroads and steamboats are found everywhere, so that all classes are found mingled together in public, and all pretentious airs are looked at only to be laughed at. We are glad it is so. In this republican form of government of ours, where everybody is supposed to be equal before the law, it is well that in all public places of resort there should be as little of these distinctions as possible. In no other way can there be any pleasure in travelling, or in the public assembly. If the rich parishioner must alone be preached to, if his family alone must be visited by his minister, if he can stalk across the street and see nobody but the rich and the great, if the merchant repels from his store the poorly dressed man, or the mechanic bids his customer begone because his standing in society is not so good as his, we may expect they will all fail of accomplishing anything in the world. Shoddyism in any form never secures the respect of the community. The shoddy man rarely ever secures an office at the hands of the people, and enjoys all he does enjoy from looking at himself and not from any esteem which he may secure from his fellow man.

VIOLENT RAIN STORM. The northeast rain storm of last week was the most violent and destructive which has occurred for many years. In this State, although the rain fell in a continuous torrent for eighteen hours, we hear of comparatively little damage beyond the flooding of streams and the washing away of railroad culverts and tracks. The injury to the standing crops is also reported to have been quite extensive.

But it is at the South that the terrible effects of the storm were felt most seriously. In Georgia, Alabama, Florida, North and South Carolina some damage occurred to the railroads. A Baltimore despatch says the streets of that city were flooded, the water rising over the first floors of stores and dwellings, and the only mode of progress was by small boats. Travel on the Baltimore and Ohio, Western Maryland, Northern Central and Philadelphia railroads was interrupted by the washing away of culverts, and the tracks of some of the roads were several feet under water. Several trains broke through their road-beds, and in one instance several employees were badly hurt. A man and boy were carried off at one point and drowned. The damage to the crops cannot be estimated.

The same story of disaster is repeated from Washington. The quarter of the city occupied by the colored people was overflowed, and a number of women and children were saved from drowning and suffocation by the heroic exertions of the police.

SEVERE THUNDER STORM. A very severe thunder shower, accompanied by continuous flashes of vivid lightning and a high wind, passed over this city on Sunday night last. The wind was so severe as to twist off trees a foot in diameter, and we learn from various directions that considerable damage was sustained by grain crops, fruit trees, &c. The shower seemed to gather in the southwest, and its course was in an easterly direction.

NEW ENGLAND FAIR. We have received posters containing the programme and premiums of the forthcoming New England Fair at Providence, from the office of the *New England Farmer*, Boston, which we will distribute to our friends as long as they last. Although not *official*, the list may be relied upon as correct.

THE SURRATT CASE. The result of the trial of Surratt although not entirely unexpected by those familiar with the character of the jury and the means employed to defeat a verdict by the counsel for the prisoner and secession sympathizers and sporters, was so gross and palpable a violation of the demands of justice in the case as to create a general feeling of surprise and indignation throughout the country. A Washington correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* says:

"The Surratt jury rendered just such a vedict as was expected by those familiar with the influences brought to bear upon the jurymen. The trial (so far as the defence, at least is concerned) has been simply a political investigation, in which all the lingering secession feelings of Washington and of Maryland has operated mightily to screen the accused from deserved punishment. Judge Fisher laid down the law to the effect that every person engaged in the conspiracy against the life of the President was responsible for any crime resulting from the plot; that all the parties to the ferocious crime must be held guilty of the great enormity, and that absence from the scene where the tragedy was enacted would not avail, unless the absent party had renounced all connection with the conspiracy, and had not gone to another place for the purpose of performing some act in the bloody drama.

The defence only attempted to show that Surratt was not in Washington on the day of the assassination, and endeavored to establish this to be the fact by the testimony of witnesses, the character of most of whom was successfully impeached by the prosecution. They did not pretend that the prisoner had repented of his connection with the unparalleled crime, and made little effort to clear him from the imputation of still acting his part in the terrible scheme, even if not in Washington at the time of its consummation.

Yet in the face and eyes of the corroborated testimony produced for the government, and directly against the law, as expounded by the presiding judge in the case, the jury when they first went out, stood a large majority of them for the prisoner, and so continued, through all their ballotings, until they were dismissed. In mitigation of their outrageous perversion of the function which they had solemnly sworn to perform in accordance with the law and the evidence, the jury averred their willingness to have speedily convicted Surratt of conspiracy, although determined not to find him guilty of murder. But Judge Fisher charged them that no conspirator could escape responsibility for the murder which was committed.

Intimidation was tried upon the jury, and the report is very current here that more than one man upon it was given to understand that a verdict of guilty, if made against Surratt might be the seal of his own death warrant. The people of the North know through the telegraph, the effort to intimidate Judge Fisher.

Surratt, though unconvicted of the crime of which almost any Northern Jury would have adjudged him guilty, was remanded to jail, and is again in confinement. Perhaps the same tactics will not be so effectual for him on the second as they have been on the first trial.

THE POPHAM ANNIVERSARY. Hon. Jacob M. Howard, U. S. Senator from Michigan was appointed to deliver the oration at the Popham celebration this year. In consequence of the intervention of the extra session of Congress he will be unable to fulfil his engagement and the celebration as contemplated will not take place. In lieu of this, however, a picnic and clam bake has been arranged to come off at Fort Popham on the 29th of August:

An excursion party, consisting of the members of Maine Historical Society, resident in Portland and invited guests, with their ladies, will proceed by steamer from Portland, leaving at seven o'clock A. M. Assembling at the Fort at ten and a half o'clock A. M. the Meeting will be called to order by Hon. B. C. Bailey of Bath, and His Excellency Governor Chamberlain made President, and Rev. Dr. Adams of Brunswick officiate as Chaplain. Speeches will be made by Judge Bourne of Kennebunk, Hon. Wm. Willis of Portland, Hon. J. W. Bradbury of Augusta, Hon. Israel Washburn, Jr., R. K. Sewall, Esq., of Wiscasset, Mr. Poor of Portland, Mr. Hamlin of Bangor, Mr. Gilman of Brunswick, Hon. John A. Peters of Bangor, Gen. Shepley, Gen. Caldwell, Gen. John M. Brown, and others of Maine, and by Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts, Gen. Watts Depeyster of New York, and other distinguished men, whose names will be hereafter given.

Extra trains will run from Augusta, Lewiston and Portland to Bath on the morning of the 29th, from which place ample means of conveyance are to be provided by steamers and barges.

S. J. COURT. The August term of the Supreme Court closed its session in this city on Saturday last. But one civil case was tried, that of the action brought against Mr. Johnson of Wayne, for setting the fire in that town in 1863, an account of which is given elsewhere. Of the sixteen cases brought by the Grand Jury but four were tried, the most important being that of John Stevens, Jr., who was indicted for assault with intent to kill Means Wesley, a negro, in an affray which took place in this city last winter, in which the jury returned a verdict of guilty of the assault, but not guilty with intent to kill. Stevens was sentenced to ten months imprisonment in the county jail. The other case was the indictment of F. J. Weeks of this city for alleged violation of the liquor law, the jury rendering a verdict of not guilty.

CONSECRATION AND INSTALLATION. Augusta Lodge No. 141, F. and A. M., in this city, was constituted on Thursday evening of last week, the exercises being conducted by D. D. G. M., J. M. Larrabee, assisted by S. G. W., David Cargill. The services were of a very interesting character, and a goodly number of the Fraternity were present. After the consecration the newly elected officers of the Lodge were installed.—They are as follows: Edw. Stanwood, M.; S. L. Boardman, S. W.; Geo. L. Hamlen, J. W.; E. F. Blackman, Sec'y; C. H. Mulliken, Treas.; B. F. Woodbury, S. D.; H. T. Morse, J. D.; R. Hampson, S. S.; Chas. Knowlton, J. S.; Rev. J. Ricker, Chaplain; Fred. Hamlen, Marshal. Special communications every Tuesday evening.

☞ Francis J. Weeks, of this city, was indicted by the Grand Jury at their recent session as a common seller of intoxicating liquors. Mr. Weeks manufactures and sells an article called XXX hop beer, a barrel of which is made of two gallons of molasses, ten pounds of hops, three-fourths of a peck of barley, a little coffee to flavor the mixture, and thirty gallons of water. The case was tried on Wednesday and Thursday last before the Supreme Court in this city. Judge Walton instructed the jury distinctly, that this beverage was not an intoxicating liquor in the eye of the law, and the jury after a consultation of five minutes brought in a verdict of "not guilty."

ACCIDENT. As Mr. Rowland Eaton, son of the late Hon. Joseph Eaton of Winslow, was attempting to get upon the up freight train, while in motion, in this city on Monday afternoon of this week, his foot slipped, and he fell, the wheels of the tender passing over his right foot and crushing it in a most terrible manner. He was immediately conveyed to the Cushnoc House, and Dr. Hill summoned. Fears are entertained that Mr. Eaton will be obliged to suffer amputation of the foot, although the Surgeon is endeavoring to restore it if possible.

☞ It is stated that Capt. G. P. Cochrane of this city, has one of the largest and most valuable private collections of minerals, Indian relics, coins, &c., in the State. The collection of minerals not only comprises all that are to be found in Maine, but contains many Southern and Western specimens of great rarity. The Indian relics consist of stone axes, gouges, pestles, and other utensils, as well as arrow heads and various other implements of warfare, and were mostly obtained in Monmouth, Wayne and neighboring towns, once the habitation of portions of the Androscoggin family of Indians.

TO HOLDERS OF SEVEN-THIRTIES. It is important for the holders of government bonds to know that the time for conversion of 7-30 notes, due on the 15th, into 5-20's, is extended to Sept. 10. Such notes not presented for conversion by that date will be paid in currency on presentation at the Treasury, or at the offices of the Assistant Treasurers at Boston, New York, or Philadelphia.

STATE HORSE FAIR. Active preparations are being made for the approaching State Exhibition of horses which takes place in this city the first week of September next. The track has been newly graded, the entire fence, stables and buildings thoroughly repaired and whitewashed, and all the surroundings put in excellent trim. Some good trotting is anticipated.

☞ Services will be resumed in the Universalist Church in this city on Sunday morning next, the pastor, Rev. C. R. Moor, having returned from the enjoyment of his summer vacation. The Sabbath School will also resume its sessions in the afternoon.

☞ The fall term of the schools of the Village District will commence in this city on Monday next, after a vacation of eight weeks.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES AT COLBY UNIVERSITY. The annual commencement exercises of Colby University (late Waterville College) last week were of unusual interest, the laying of the corner stone of the new Memorial Hall on Wednesday, forming an attractive incident of the occasion.

The Memorial Hall is being built of what builders call rubble stone, which is found near the college, with granite trimmings. The west wing, 40x68, is intended for a chapel, the east 44x54, which will be nearly fire-proof and in the form of a cross, is intended for a library. The Memorial Hall will occupy the second floor, and will be of the same size of the chapel. In this Memorial Hall are to be tablets and inscriptions in memory of those of its graduates who fell in the service, with mementoes and relics of the war.—When completed it will be one of the finest buildings in this section of the State. It is estimated that the cost will be from thirty to forty thousand dollars. The Trustees of the Institution have voted $10,000 to this purpose and the Committee appointed last year have secured nearly $14,000 by subscribtion.

EX-GOV. Coburn read the list of articles which were placed in the box and the stone was moved to its place. At the church Hon. D. L. Milliken, of the Building Committee presided. A prayer by Rev. Dr. Wilson was followed by the report of Champlin, as chairman of the building committee of the new building. The address by Gen. H. M. Plaisted, on the occasion was highly commended. Rev. Dr. Babcock followed with a sketch of the history of the college.

The exercises of the graduating class were short, as but four of the members graduated. This was owing in part to the war, which prevented many from entering college in 1863, and called away others from the class. The following are the names of the graduates upon whom the degree of A. M. was conferred: Charles Ransom Coffin of Auburn, Albert Danforth of Beaver Dam, Wis., Lemuel Howard Cobb of Portland and Henry Ware Hale of Ellsworth.

The degree of A. M., *in course* was conferred upon J. Q. Burton, U. S. S.; C. G. Richardson, Ira Waldron, Rufus K. Marriner, Col. H. C. Meriam, and Col. Samuel Hamblen.

The Honorary degree of A. M. upon Rev. S. Bradford, Brooklin; Rev. Amos Webster, Boston; Rev. Benj. A. Robie, Waterville, and Hon. J. S. Shurtz, of New York City. That of D. D. upon Rev. N. M. Wood, Thomaston; Rev. G. D. B. Pepper, Newton Centre, Mass., and Rev. A. W. Sawyer, New London, Ct.

At the commencement dinner, remarks were made by Gen. Caldwell, who was present as the representative of the State Government, Governor Chamberlain having been called away by the death of a brother; by the Rev. Dr. Weston, of Madison avenue, New York; by the Rev. Mr. Fulton, of Tremont Temple, Boston; and by the Hon. J. W. Merrill, late mayor of Cambridge, who endowed the Merrill professorship of chemistry three years ago.

EX-GOV. Coburn subscribed $2,000 towards making up the estimated amount for the completion of the Memorial Hall. Small subscriptions to the amount of several hundred dollars were also received.

At a meeting of the Trustees the matter of dividing the labors of the professorship of Latin and Greek, and in the professorship of mathematics and natural philosophy, and of arranging an elective course of study for the last two years, was considered and referred to a committee, who were instructed to report next year.

Sixteen candidates for admission to the Freshman Class were examined Tuesday afternoon.

PRISON REFORM. We are glad that the important subject of prison discipline and prison reform is receiving so much attention in our country, not only from those who exercise authority in the matter, but from the benevolent and humane of every party and creed; and we trust it will go on until a complete reform is effected in one of the greatest and most vital interests of society, in every human government. As a contribution towards effecting this reform, the report on the prisons and reformatories of the United States and Canada, submitted to the Legislature of New York at its last session—a stout pamphlet of 547 pages, for a copy of which we are indebted to the Commissioners of the New York Prison Association—will have great influence. It contains the result of careful personal observations, in relation to the different classes of penal and correctional institutions, their sanitary condition, and moral advantages, and also in relation to the pardoning power and the administration of criminal justice in the several States. The object of the report is to improve our prison system, and the administration of criminal justice, and it will doubtless do much towards the attainment of that degree of perfection in these matters, demanded by, and in harmony with the advancing civilization of the age.

☞ Just as we were going to press we had the pleasure of meeting our genial friend A. H. Abbott, Esq., of South China, on his way home with his estimable lady, from their European tour. He reached Boston on Thursday last in one of the Cunard steamers and arrived in this city on Monday, full of robust health and radiant with the reminiscences of the delightful experiences of his tour. We have published several interesting letters from him during his absence, and only regret that circumstances prevented our readers from hearing oftener from him. His latest letter will be found in our columns to-day. He informs us that the health of Thomas S. Lang, Esq., has so far improved that he had taken passage for home in the Cuba, which sails from Liverpool on the 28th of the present month.

HEAVY BURGLARY. A correspondent of the Portland *Press* states that the store of D. W. O'Brion, in Cornish village, was entered by burglars Thursday night, the safe cut open and all its contents stolen, amounting in all to nearly $20,000—a portion government bonds. The safe was one of Tilton & McFarland's fire and burglar proof, but was as easily entered, seemingly, as if made of oak. D. W. O'Brion loses about $8000, the balance were deposits by individuals for security. No clue has as yet been obtained of the burglars, but they left a screw-driver and pieces of cloth, which may be used to advantage.

LETTERS TO CALIFORNIA. A despatch from Washington suggests to all persons having correspondence with California to mark on their letters or newspapers the words "via Panama," and continue to do so until the Indian hostilities upon the Plains are suppressed. According to the regulations of the Post Office Department all letters not marked via Panama are sent by the overland route, and the Indian outrages render their safe transmission doubtful.

☞ We learn from the Lewiston *Journal* that as the train on the M. C. R. R. was passing under a bridge near the station at West Waterville Friday P. M. a young man by the name of Chas. Shaw, brakeman, who was walking on the top of the cars was struck in the head with such force as to knock him from one car to another killing him instantly. He was not married, has friends living in Canada, and had been on the train but a short time.

☞ Mr. Bradley, one of the counsel for Surratt has been arrested for sending a challenge to Judge Fisher to fight a duel. He has given bail in $1,000 to appear at the next term of the Criminal Court to answer to the charge. The penalty for this offence is imprisonment and confinement at hard labor in the Penitentiary for a term not exceeding five years, at the discretion of the Court.

☞ We learn from the Aroostook *Pioneer*, that Rev. Mr. McDonald, Roman Catholic clergyman at Fort Kent, was drowned on the night of the 3d inst., in the St. Johns river near that place. He was in a wagon, and it is supposed he fell asleep and the horse in attempting to cross the river at a ford, went into deep water.

☞ The severe rain of Friday last caused the washing away of three or four culverts on the P. & K. R. R., and delayed the 11 o'clock P. M. train from Portland about an hour. The excavations were, however, speedily repaired, and everything ready for the running of the regular train on Saturday.

☞ Mr. Joseph Brann, an aged gentleman residing in the North Parish in this city, died suddenly on Monday morning last. He had occasion to rise from his bed about three o'clock and was found prostrate upon the floor a few moments after with life extinct. His age was 86 years.

☞ The appointment of a Superintendent of Public Buildings and State Grounds, will lie over until the meeting of the Executive Council in October, although several names have already been submitted.

Editor's Table.

THE DIAMOND DICKENS. We have received "Dombey and Son," the sixth of this admirable series of Dickens' works, published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and have renewed our acquaintance of old time with Capt. Cuttle, Joe Bagstock, Susan Nipper, Toots, Paul Dombey, and the other characters who figure in this delightful story. The illustrations of the volume are original and striking, greatly enhancing the pleasure of its perusal. The diamond edition has proved a success, having found unprecedented favor with the old as well as the later admirers of Dickens, because it best fulfils the purpose of a cheap, handsome and readable reprint of this popular author. As the Hartford *Courant* says:—"The volumes are of such shape that they can be put into the pocket, taken into the cars, or carried into the country. They are of the right size to be perused on a summer day under a shady tree—to be read of an afternoon on the breezy porch of a country-house."

The cost of the illustrated volume is $1.50—of the plain, $1.25. It can be procured of any bookseller, or will be sent by mail post paid to any address by the publishers.

☞ The January number of the *New England Historical and Geological Register*, contains entire the journal of Rev. Joseph Baxter, who was Missionary to the Indians at Arrowsic Island in the early part of the eighteenth century, now first printed from the original in Harvard College Library. It embraces a period from Aug. 1717, to Sept. 11, 1721, and forms a most valuable addition to the colonial history of our State, showing that the attempts to evangelize the Eastern Indians were more earnest and effectual than has been generally supposed. Mr. Baxter was a native of Braintree, Mass.

HARPERS' WRITING BOOKS. This is a series of writing books in ten numbers embracing lessons not only in penmanship but in drawing, the pupil being required to practice the formation of letters and words simultaneously with his acquisition of the elementary and more advanced principles of drawing. It embodies a most admirable method of instruction and should be introduced into all our schools. Published in ten numbers by Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale at Patterson's.

NEW NOVELS. We have received from the publishers, two new novels, the first entitled "Alec Forbes of Howglen," by George Macdonald, author of "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," &c; the second, "Called to Account," by Miss Annie Thomas, author of "Walter Garing," &c., the two works constituting Nos. 294 and 206 of Harpers' Library of Select Novels. For sale at the bookstore of J. T. Patterson, Augusta.

"BAFFLED SCHEMES" is the title of a new sensational novel the scenes of which are located in New York city and on the banks of the Hudson. It is one of Loring's Railway Novels in neat paper covers, price 75 cents. For sale at Patterson's.

NEW MUSIC. The following new music from the publishers, O. Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, Boston, may be obtained at Patterson's bookstore in this city:

Oh, help little Mary, the drunkard's poor child. Song and chorus. Poetry by Mrs. M. A. Kidder. Music by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst.

It was by chance we met. Ballad. Words and music by H. F. Williams.

O'er graves of the loved ones, plant beautiful flowers. Song and chorus. Words and music by J. P. Ordway, M. D.

One hundred years hence. Song. Arranged for the piano by J. F. Spaulding.

Baby's gone to sleep. Song. By L. O. Emerson.

☞ The reporter of the Portland *Press* at the Colby University Commencement, says the festival was disturbed by an unjustifiable attack of Rev. Dr. Weston of New York, and Rev. Mr. Fulton of Boston upon Col. Higginson, the orator before the undergraduates on the previous evening. Col. Higginson does not sympathize theologically with the Baptists. He was invited by the undergraduates of the college, who are not unanimously of the Baptist way of thinking, to address *them*. With a proper regard for the proprieties of the occasion he selected a purely literary topic, "Style," and treated it as impartially and as ably as could be desired. Their speeches are reported to have been a remarkable display of petty malice.

☞ The Portland *Star* says that a case was tried at the recent term of the Supreme Court in this city which has excited much interest. It was an action for damages brought against Mr. Holman Johnson of Wayne for causing the great fire in that town in the fall of 1863. He set fire to some chippings and shavings on his own premises, and the wind changing its course, the fire spread, destroying some $40,000 worth of property. The jury was out four hours and returned with a verdict for the defendant. Exceptions were filed and the case will be carried up. Artemas Libby, Esq. of this city conducted the case for the plaintiff, and Hon. D. D. Stewart of St. Albans for the defence.

SAD ACCIDENT IN WALDOBORO. On Tuesday afternoon, 13th inst., Wilder and Willie Hall, sons of Ambrose Hall, aged 12 and 8 years, and Leavitt Creamer, aged 16, left home for the purpose of piling bark on the opposite side at Kaler's Pond. Instead of going round the pond, as their parents supposed they would, they attempted to cross it in a small boat. As the boat carried no sail, it is supposed the boys were playing with each other and capsized the boat, drowning them all. The bodies were found some four rods from the opposite shore, in about six feet of water. When found little Willie was standing on his feet clutching the grass with his hands.

STATE LIBRARY. The annual appropriation for the enlargement of the State Library the present year was $850, and although large and important additions have already been made, the amount has not nearly all been expended. In addition to keeping up with the new issues of the press in all the important topics of the day, valuable additions have been made to the department of law books, dictionaries, and other works of reference.

☞ Headquarters and office of Dr. C. B. Lighthill, are at the Mansion House, Augusta, where he can be consulted daily, excepting on Thursday and Friday of each week, on diseases of the eye, ear, throat and lungs. On Thursday, August 22d at the Turner House, Skowhegan; Friday August 23d, at the Williams House, Waterville; Thursday August 29th, at the Elm House, Norway, and Friday August 30th at the Union House, Paris.

☞ We learn from the Portland *Press* that the Portland and New York Steamship Company have added the steamer Chesapeake to their line and that tri-weekly trips will now be made between the two cities. The Dirigo and Franconia will run as heretofore, leaving on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The Chesapeake will leave Portland on Thursdays and New York on Monday.

☞ Mr. H. P. Knight, recently of Auburn, died at Vandalia, Ill., a few days since. He was one of ten victims, all of whom died from eating corn boiled in a brass kettle which had previously been used for stewing fruit, and probably had not been cleaned as it should have been.

☞ Hamil of Pitsburg and Walter Brown of Portland have concluded a match to row on th 6th of September next for $4000. The race is to come off on the Hudson river, distance five miles, and to take place between New York and Poughkeepsie.

☞ A match game for the championship of the State and the silver ball took place in Portland on Saturday last between the Eons and the Athletics of that city—the Athletics being the challenging club. The game was won by the Eons—24 to 18.

DISEASES OF THE EYE, EAR, THROAT AND CATARRH. Persons interested, in the vicinity of Farmington, should remember that Dr. Carpenter, the Oculist and Aurist, remains at the Stoddard House in that place, until September 3d, only.

☞ The *Sunrise* of Presque Isle appears in an enlarged and improved form. This paper is conducted with much ability and we are pleased to note this evidence of its prosperity.

☞ The morning and evening gun at the Arsenal in this city, now announces to our citizens the exact moment of the rising and setting of the sun, each day.

☞ Hon. Hiram Ruggles of the Governor's Council has been confined for some days past to his room at the Augusta House in this city, by severe illness.

For the Maine Farmer.

European Correspondence.—No. 4.

LONDON, July, 25th, 1867.

It was my intention to give the readers of the FARMER, an account of the great Exposition at Paris, but being desirous of accomplishing that part of our journey which led through Italy before the hot weather came on, gave me no opportunity. Our visit of three weeks in Paris was very interesting, and made very agreeable by the kindness of our friends Thomas S. Lang and wife, who kindly had engaged rooms for us on our arrival, and who, during our visit used their best attentions to make our stay agreeable and interesting.

The Exposition is considered a perfect success, although I am sorry to say that the American Department is not what it should have been. New York and Massachusetts furnished about three-fourths of the United States Department, and Maine but a very few articles. Nevertheless, the United States took some of the best premiums on the most useful articles, such as locomotives and mowing machines. Although this Exhibition was intended to represent the industrial pursuits and products of all nations, its social influence must have a lasting effect and a beneficial help to create and continue a friendly feeling among the different nations congregated together here. Perhaps a greater number of human beings have assembled together, but it may reasonably be supposed that no meeting has heretofore contained so many different individuals of the human family, and nations of so many and such distant countries as is here represented. You will meet on the Boulevards, Jews, Japanese, Turks and Chinese, all dressed in their native costume and each having dwellings erected on the Exhibition ground in accordance with their native style.

Here, too, have met during the summer nearly all the crowned heads of Europe, together with their families; also the Bey of Tunis, the Sultan of Turkey, and from the cordial and friendly manner in which they have been received by the Emperor, and the pleasant meetings with each other here, it would seem that it must have a tendency to diminish that warlike feeling that has heretofore existed between them. There is no place that I have seen so well prepared for a meeting of this kind as Paris. The streets are washed clean every night, a current of water is let in and runs through the principal streets, into which the dirt is swept and carried away. All these entertainments without any stir or trouble, in fact, Paris seems ready for company every day—whereas in London, when anything of the kind occurs it makes a great commotion. Paris has also very good police regulations; no beggars or intoxicated persons are seen in the streets. At the time of the great horse race which was attended by the Emperor of Russia and many of the Crown heads of Europe, and said to be the largest gathering that was ever in that city, not a case of drunkenness was seen. Although the Avenue from the race ground to the city, a distance of four miles, was filled the whole distance, five carriages abreast and the waysides lined with people waiting the approach of the two Emperors, all was calm and proceeded like clock work—no carriages proceeded faster than a walk.

Among the many attractions at the exposition in the American Department is the great American Restaurant, embracing the circular width of the department, containing eating, sitting and reading rooms, well supplied with colored waiters, who, if any thing, out-do the French in politeness. The front of the building has an extensive awning under which are a plenty of chairs and tables occupied by ladies and gentlemen of all nations eating, and sucking sherry cobblers through straws. This house is the only one to obtain baked beans and corn cakes. It is said the price of straw has risen ten per cent. in France since the introduction of this new American drink—Sherry Cobbler. I have often been asked what the peculiarities of this drink consisted in, but never having tasted of one I had to plead ignorance by saying that I was a temperance man and unacquainted with liquors. One thing seems certain, that this exhibition will be the means of introducing into general use in this country, baked beans, corn bread and sherry cobblers. I understand that the Prince of Wales has given his testimony in favor of the latter.

It seems to be the general opinion among our American contributors to the Exhibition, that our United States agent, Mr. Beckwith, was not the right man for that place. Whether his long residence in Paris has had a tendency to lessen his interest in American affairs I cannot say, but I saw no one that appeared satisfied with his proceedings. The glory of the Exhibition is now passing away. The distinguished individuals from the adjacent nations have left for their homes, and there will not be that interest taken to make it appear so attractive as has heretofore been done. Change and alteration has been the order of the day during the summer. To-day where you see in some parts of the exhibition grounds, a fine garden of trees, shrubs and flowers, in a few days you would not know the place. The earth has been removed, a lake and fountain are in the same place, well supplied with swans, ducks and fish. Visit the same ground a week or two later and it will be covered with good walks and fine lawns, ornamented with shrubs and flowers in full bloom. The French have the faculty of transplanting all these things without the least appearance of wilting. They remain in sight while in full bloom, and are then removed and others placed in their stead.

The number of Americans travelling in Europe is very large, not large enough, however, to Americanize this country, but will do much towards correcting many wrong opinions entertained here in relation to American affairs. Some very amusing questions are often asked by those well posted in their own affairs. I have frequently been asked if the State of Maine was not in New York. I met with Mr. McKenzie and wife, formerly of Augusta, in crossing lake Como in Italy; accompanied them through the Splugen Pass. He returns home on the 28th of September in the Cuba.

A. H. ABBOT.

ASSASSINATION OF A TRAITOR. It will be remembered that the late ill-fated Emperor Maximilian was betrayed into the hands of the Mexican Liberals by Col. Miguel Lopez, one of his most trusted and favored officers. As a reward for his treason he received the sum of money which was promised him, but was driven with contempt from the society even of those who profited by his baseness, and his own wife spurned him from her presence. By late intelligence from Mexico we learn that Lopez has been since assassinated. A letter from Puebla says:

"I arrived here to-day, and learned the startling news of the assassination of the traitor Lopez. The particulars of the assassination are as follows: Lopez was stopping at a hotel in Puebla, where his wife spurned him from her presence. Early one morning a Mexican arrived, and familiarized himself with a hostler in a livery stable adjoining the hotel. Gen. Miguel Lopez was inquired for, but not being in, the stranger was told that the General would be in at dinner. Before the dinner hour Lopez returned, and was pointed out to the stranger, who made special note of his man. When dinner was called, Lopez and his assassin occupied opposite seats at the table. After some minutes, during which time the stranger called for and drank a glass of wine, he deliberately rose, drew a concealed knife, and sprang upon Lopez and stabbed him nine times. The stranger then took his hat, and, as he started to leave said: "This is the way all traitors should be paid." No one interfered, or prevented the assassin from leaving. Thus was the blood of Maximilian, Miramon, Mejia, yes, and thousands of others, avenged.

MEXICAN NEWS. Late advices from Mexico by way of Havana, state that Juarez has ordered Santa Anna to be tried according to the law of January, 1866, by which Maximilian was tried and under which the identification of the prisoner is sufficient evidence for conviction.

Marquez has been taken prisoner at the Hacienda Paudones and was on his way to the capital. Among the list of condemned officers is Salm Salm, whose wife is still in the country trying hard to save his life.

☞ We learn from the Belfast *Age* that the house and barn of Mr. Levi L. Curtis of Searsport, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday night, the 23th of July, together with a horse, 20 tons of hay and all the furniture, the family barely escaping, with their lives. The fire originated in the barn, was discovered about midnight, and is believed to be the work of an incendiary. Loss $2500; insured $1100.

☞ Rev. E. A. Helmershausan, writing to the Bangor *Whig* from Mt. Desert, tells the following extraordinary lightning story:

A man and his wife were in bed with a little child between them; the mother had just laid the little one on the outer side of the bed when the lightning came down through the roof passed through the bed between these two persons, throwing the man out of bed, thence into the cellar, out through the drain, and plowed up the ground to the barn-yard, where it killed a cow.

For the Maine Farmer.

New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Aug. 15th, 1867.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—There is a Constitutional Convention assembled at Albany, for the purpose of revising and putting in order the present supreme legal instrument of the Empire State. This Convention has been in session some six weeks. The first important question, if one may judge from the papers, which came up for their consideration, was whether or no it was for the general good of the people whom this body represents, and the individual good of the members, that the convention adjourn to Saratoga. This was decided in the negative. From that hour high hopes have been entertained by all good people that the deliberations of such a self-sacrificing-and-reckless-of-their-own-comfort body of men would result *pro bono publico*. All sorts of petitions have been poured in upon them, embracing every variety of public and private interest. Temperance people cry aloud for stringent prohibitory clauses in the constitution; and people who have a love for the "craythur" petition for the largest liberty in the matter of eating and drinking—particularly drinking. Both parties are doing their best to influence the action of the convention. The "liberal-minded" are ahead so far, at least in the dimensions of their petitions; for one day last week they sent in a document fifty-two feet in length! The same day there were no less than four other petitions of lesser proportions, sent in, bearing on the same subject. But fifty-two feet of condensed public opinion praying for free rum! Think of that, ye Down East temperance people. If you wonder at it, just come here and some evening stroll up Broadway, and down into Mercer and Bleeker streets, and next morning, if you don't get your head broke during this perambulation, look upon what the police have "gathered in" at the Tombs. You will cease to wonder, save at the awful depravity of human nature. I think there is rum enough drank in New York City in the course of a week, if applied to the purpose, to furnish all the liquid required for the navigation of the Erie canal. Good people might say, "How much better, then, if all this liquor could be emptied into the canal, where it would prove of some use, particularly in a *dry* season!" Alas, not so! It doesn't pay to copper-fasten canal-boats. Another prolific source of petition has been the suffrage question. This vexed and vexing subject has been the text for many speeches and many reports. Under the first heading came Sambo. Sambo, as a subject for discussion, has been exhausted. He has been considered in every point of view,—morally, scientifically, patriotically, physiologically, scripturally, economically, geographically, ethnologically, isothermically. Particular attention was paid to Sambo in a physiological way. The highest authorities were quoted to prove that long heels, thick lips, and wool, were "inequalities." Some of the members, considering the lapse of time since the Creation, and the somewhat mystical ideas generally prevalent in relation to that early stage in history, betrayed a remarkable intimacy with the plans and intentions of the Creator in relation to gentlemen of color. It must be owned, however, that no member assumed intimate knowledge of this now somewhat distant period upon any other point. Briefly, the black man has been placed in the political cauldron at Albany, and boiled down, and skimmed; and there was found left enough of a man to be trusted with the responsibility of helping to make the laws and choose the officers he is bound to obey—and I greatly err in my prophecy if the people of the State do not in due season respond, "Amen!" In this great fight with Prejudice, Mr. Greeley was Sambo's second; Mr. Brooks acting in that capacity for those who had inscribed upon their banners Nasby's immortal, high-toned motto of "Opposition to animil suffrage."

PROGRESS OF THE PACIFIC RAILWAY. Dispatches from San Francisco give encouraging accounts of the progress and prospects of the western end of the Great Pacific Railroad. It will be remembered that Congress granted to the two principal companies—the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific—the right to build their respective lines from opposite ends until the meet and connect. The former having nearly crossed the level plains of Nebraska, is rapidly approaching the out-lying hills of the Rocky Mountain range; while the latter, it appears, is making equally gratifying headway. During this month it is expected the last and greatest of the tunnels on the western link will be opened, and the crossing of the dreaded Sierra Nevada Mountains be regularly made by the locomotive, into the Great Salt Lake Basin. This achievement of hewing and blasting a pathway through primeval granite barriers, although all included within 150 miles, is equivalent to more than 600 miles of ordinary railroad, in cost and resistance overcome. Upwards of $20,000,000 have been expended in the enterprise, which includes, however, the equipment and materials for 150 miles addition. Eastward of the graded portion the line has been surveyed and located for 600 miles, developing an easy and favorable route, and it is believed that fully half of the distance between the Pacific Coast and the Missouri river will be built by the Central Pacific Company, as they are favored by having their hardest work done, and by the presence of large numbers of cheap and serviceable Chinese laborers. It is assuring to be informed, also, that the business of the road is very large, the earnings for July being $175,000 in gold; while the operating expenses were less than $25,000.

The Company receives a large subsidy from the Government, and in order to push on the work with even greater energy, are offering their First Mortgage Bonds for sale, through Fisk & Hatch, their Financial Agents in New York, and our leading Bankers, at rates very tempting to capitalists. The merits and advantages of the Central Pacific Railroad Bonds are fully set forth in our advertising columns.

DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH INDIANS. The New York Tribune's special dispatch from Omaha, N. Y., Aug. 14th, says:

A hard fought battle between the Indians and whites occurred near Fort Phil Kearney on the 2d inst. Fifty citizens, and as many soldiers under Major Powell and Lt. Jump, left the fort for the purpose of gathering fuel, and when within five miles of the fort, a band of 260 savages made an attack on them. The whites made a desperate resistance, but the Indians after killing Lieut. Jump and others, and wounding two privates, succeeded in stampe ling the cattle. The whites then took a position behind a breastwork of wagon boxes, ox yokes, &c. The savages encircled them with wild yells, and continued to fight with fiendish desperation.

The whites fought the Indians three hours, killing and wounding a great many. The battle continued with unabated fury until Major Smith with two companies of U. S. regulars, and two howitzers, came to the rescue from the fort, when the Indians retreated, going northeast and leaving five dead bodies on the field. Major Powell reports the total loss of the savages at 60 killed outright, and a large number wounded.

"The perfumed light
Steals through the mist of alabaster lamps,
And every air is heavy with the breath
Of orange flowers that bloom
I' the midst of roses"

Such was the flowery land filled with healing airs and life-preserving products, where Dr. Drake discovered the chief ingredients of his wonderful Tonic Medicine—Plantation Bitters—the enchanted tropical island of St. Croix. The Plantation Bitters, combining all the medicinal and tonic virtues of the healing and life-sustaining products of that favored clime, are, without doubt, the World's Great Remedy for dyspepsia, low spirits, and all other stomachic difficulties.

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THE REMOVAL OF SECRETARY STANTON. In an article on the removal of Secretary Stanton from office, the Washington *Star* says:

The feeling of uneasiness and alarm at this action of the President would, however, be less active were it not feared that it is but the fore-runner of other changes, which will still further complicate our existing political troubles and tend to increase the agitation and excitement which distract the country. If there ever was a time when wise statesmanship and calm and prudent counsels were needed in our national affairs, it is the present; but unfortunately party interests in our politics are too often placed above the public good.

THE MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGAN. The Cabinet Organ bears the same relation to the melodeon, seraphine and accordeon, as does the modern grand piano-forte to the ancient spinnet and harpsichord; and the immense strides made by Mason & Hamlin in the invention of this instrument are within the knowledge and comparison of all of us. We now emphatically add to the list of notions, in the manufacture of which America has excelled the world, the best reed organ, as the most eminent musicians have, with singular unanimity, pronounced the Cabinet Organ superior to any other, whether of home or foreign make.—*Chicago Tribune.*

MAGNOLIA WATER. A delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne, and at half the price. 1y31

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICE CURRENT.

TUESDAY, August 20, 1867.

[Corrected weekly by J. MCARTHUR, J. HUDD & CO., C. H. MULLIKEN & CO., and E. G. STORER.]

Flour,	$10.00 to 18.00	Clear Salt Pork,	$18.00 to 20.00
Corn Meal,	1 30 to 1 40	Mutton ₩ lb.	6 to 9
Rye Meal,	2 00 to 0 00	Spring Lamb ₩ lb,	8 to 10
Wheat,	none	Veal,	5 to 7
Rye,	1 60 to 1 75	Turkeys ₩ lb,	15 to 20
Corn,	1 20 to 1 25	Chickens ₩ lb,	15 to 21
Barley,	1 00 to 1 0	Clover Seed,	Nominal
Beans,	4 50 to 5 00	Herdsgrass,	"
Oats,	85 to 90	Red Top,	"
Potatoes,	75 to 85	Hay ₩ ton,	[$15 to 15
Dried Apples,	10 to 12	Straw,	1 40 to 1 50
Cooking Apples,	50 to 75	Fleece Wool,	37 to 42
Butter,	25 to 28	Pulled Wool,	40 to 45
Cheese,	18 to 20	Sheep Skins,	15 to 60
Eggs,	23 to 25	Hides,	0 to 10
Lard,	14 to 18	Calf Skins,	17 to 20
Beef,	10 to 13	Lamb Skins,	40 to 75
Round Hog,	11 00 to 12 00	Wood, hard,	5 50 to 7 00

CATTLE MARKETS.

AT BRIGHTON, CAMBRIDGE AND MEDFORD

WEDNESDAY, August 14, 1867.

At market:	Cattle.	Sheep.	Hogs.	Veal
This week,	2740	9454	2200	125
Last week,	3209	8913	1600	140
One year ago, (Aug. 15,)	2726	10,103	2550	130

PRICES.

BEEVES—Extra qual.... $13.00@14 00 } Per 100 lbs. on the total
First qual..... 12.25@12.75 } weight of hide, tallow,
Second do..... 11.00@12.00 } and dressed beef.
Third do..... 9 00@10.50 }
Poorest grades of cows, bulls, &c., $6.50@8 50

WORKING OXEN—$175 to 275; handy steers, $160 to 200, or a little above their value as beef.

MILCH COWS—$55@75; Extra, $80@100; Heifers; farrow, $40@55.

SHEEP—₩ lb., 5@6c; Extra, 6½@—c.

HIDES—Brighton, 10@11c; country lots, 9@10c. CALF SKINS 20@22c. TALLOW, 7½@8c ₩ lb.

PELTS—Lambs, 62½; Shorn, 40@50c ₩ lb.

SHOVES—Wholesale, 6@7c; retail 7@8c ₩ lb.

DROVES OF CATTLE FROM MAINE.

J L Bassett, 21; L Elmes, 17; J Abbott, 16; R D Blinn, 6.

REMARKS. There is a large supply of beeves in market and the trade has been active. Prices have fallen off from fifty cents to one dollar from our last quotations. There has been some few cars of cattle sold as low as 8c ₩ lb, at a large shrink and a few cattle very extra ones at 13½c ₩ lb. Most of the best lots of cattle were disposed of at prices ranging from 12½@13c ₩ lb. There was quite an active trade on Saturday and nearly 800 cattle were disposed of on that day. Most of the cattle from Maine were working oxen.

SALES OF MAINE CATTLE. R D Blinn sold 1 pr 5 yrs old girth 7 ft for $229; 1 pr 5 yrs old girth 6 ft 8 in $200; 1 course pr girth 6 ft 10 in $175. J Abbott sold 4 prs girth 6 ft 6 in $160 @$185 ₩ pair.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—DROVES FROM MAINE.

Copp & Radcliff, 122; J Frost, 31; W H Curtis, 75; B Clark, 73; J H Hight, 120; J A Judkins, 139; Gleason & Co 196; J B Curtis, 74.

The supply is large and trade about the same as it was one week ago. We quote sales of 76 lambs at $4, 74 at $4, 170 at $3 50, 191 at $3 12, 92 New York lambs at $3 50, 111 at $3 50, old Sheep at average weight 75 lbs at 4½c ₩ lb.

PORTLAND MARKET.

PORTLAND, August 17, 1867.

APPLES—Green ₩ bbl. $5 00@7 00; Sliced, ₩ lb 15@ 16.

BUTTER—Country ₩ lb25, @28, Choice Table, 30@35; Store 17@18.

BEANS—Marrow ₩ bush. $9 00@9 00; Pea $4 75@5 25; Blue Pod, $4 25@4 75.

CHEESE—New, 12@16c

FISH—Cod, large shore, ₩ quin. $6 00@7 00; large Bank ₩ quin $5 00@6 00; small Bank, ₩ quin. $3 00@0 00; Pollock, ₩ quin. $3 25@4 25; Haddock ₩ quin. $2 00@2 25; Hake $2 00@2 50; Herring, shore, ₩ bbl., $6 00@7 00; Scaled ₩ box, 35c@ 45c; No. 1 Herring ₩ box, 20@25c; Mackerel, ₩ bbl.— Shore No. 1, $18 00@19 00; Bay No. 2, $00 00@00 00; Shore No. 1, $19 00@20 00; Shore No. 2, $00.00@ 00.00, Shore No. 3, small $6.00@7.25.

GRAIN—Rye, $1 75@1 85; Oats 90@ 95c; mixed corn, $1 15 @1.20; Yellow, $1 20@1 25; Barley, nominal, Shorts per ton $42@45.

HAY—₩ net ton, pressed, $25@00 00; loose $13@20.

HIDES AND SKINS—Western 18@19; Slaughter Hides, 9½ @ 10c; Calf Skins, 20@00; Lamb Skins 1 00@1 25.

PRODUCE—Potatoes ₩ bush, $ 62 @ 75; Beef ₩ lb., 10@ 18c; Eggs ₩ doz., 25@26c; Turkeys, 20@25c; Chickens, 17@ 20c; Geese, 20@23; Onions, $1.25@1 50 ₩ bush.; Lamb, 18@20c; Veal 10@12c.—*Price Current.*

BOSTON WOOL MARKET.

SATURDAY, August 17, 1867.

The activity in the wool market continues and nothing but the low prices which rule in all the markets east and west could induce manufacturers to purchase so largely. Wool growers argue that the abundance of the crop has tended to keep prices down. No doubt this is one of the causes of the present low prices, but another has been the heavy importations of manufactured goods, which have glutted the market. But whatever may be the cause of the present condition of our own market one thing is clear that a change for the better is highly desirable.

Sales of the week comprise about 1,250,000 lbs. at 40@65 for pulled and 25@90c for fleece. Included in the above are 10.000 lbs Maine wool of medium grade at 50c ₩ lb.

BOSTON MARKET..... Aug. 17.

FLOUR—Western Superfine, $8 00@9 00; Common extras at $10.00@11; 25, Medium extras at $11. 50@ 13.00; and good and choice, including favorite St. Louis brands, at $13.25@16.50 ₩ bbl

CORN—Western mixed, $1.17@1.20; yellow, $1.30@$1.30

OATS—Northern and Canada, 85@95c ₩ bush; P. E. Island 90@00c.

RYE—1 60 @ 1 66 ₩ bush. Shorts $27@$28; Fine Feed $35@ 40; and Middlings at $45@45 ₩ ton.

HAY—Sales from $20 to $ 23.

NEW YORK MARKET..... Aug. 19.

FLOUR—State, $7 60@11.80; round hoop Ohio, $9.50@12.50 Western, $7.50@13.25. Southern, $11.75@14.00; Canada dull.

WHEAT—No. 2 Milwaukee new, $1.90@$1.95; Milwaukee Club 00.

CORN—Mixed western, 1,12@1,14.

Special Notices.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILL.

A Certain Cure for Diseased Liver and the many Dangerous Maladies which are caused by a morbid condition of that organ.

To give the public a clear understanding of the mode in which SCHENCK'S Mandrake Pills produce those wonderful effects which are attested by thousands of reliable witnesses, we present a brief

DESCRIPTION OF THE HUMAN LIVER

and its functions which will make the operation of this popular medicine perceptible to every man's understanding.

The liver is supplied with blood vessels, nerves and absorbents. One of its obvious uses is to secrete and prepare the bile. It likewise filters the blood and separates the fluid from all impurities. How indispensably necessary to health is the proper performance of this function! If the liver is diseased, it cannot purify the blood, and if that is sent back through the lungs, brain and other parts in a morbid condition, it must cause jaundice, biliousness, obstruction of the kidneys, gravel, and many other complaints more or less painful and dangerous. But the least of them quite enough to make a man sick and uncomfortable, and unfit for the performance of any of the duties of life. This unhealthy state of the system very often ends in pulmonary consumption.

The circulation of the blood is conducted in this manner. The heart sends the vital current down through the arteries; it passes through the flesh, taking up all impurities in its progress; then the stream of blood flows backward through the veins, and passes to the liver to be purified. It is impossible to cure consumption, scrofula, or scarcely any other kind of ulceration while that important organ, the liver, is diseased. It is for that reason that "regular physicians" rarely cure consumption They usually begin their treatment with the use of some cough medicine, the basis of which is morphin or opium in some shape, which locks up the liver instead of relaxing the secretions, giving a tone to the stomach, and producing a healthy flow of bile. Dr. Schenck's

Pulmonic Syrup, Seaweed Tonic, and Mandrake Pills,

will strengthen the system, purify the blood and ripen and heal ulcers on the lungs.

A volume would be required to give a brief account of the remarkable cures performed by Dr. Schenck's medicines, viz.: Pulmonic Syrup, Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills—all of which are accompanied by full directions for the use of them.

DR. SCHENCK will be professionally at his rooms every week, 32 Bond street, New York and 35 Hanover street, Boston; from 9 A. M., until 3 P M. He gives advice free, but for a thorough examination with the Respirometer the charge is five (5) dollars. His medicines are for sale by all druggists and dealers. Also a full supply at all times at his rooms. Price of the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic, each $1.50 per bottle, or $7.50 the half dozen. Mandrake Pills 25 cents per box.

GEO. C GOODWIN & Co., 38 Hanover street, Agents for Boston. For sale by all druggists. 2 edwly34

DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES,

Sold in Augusta by TITCOMB & DORR, Druggists.

DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES,

Sold in Augusta at FULLER'S Drug Store. 21

PITTSBURGH, September 4, 1866.

Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa.

GENTS:—I think I am only doing the part of a good citizen when testify to the great benefits received by me from the use of your Stomach Bitters during the last five years. o

a time in the oil regions, in 1861, I had a severe bilious attack, which, in connection with dyspepsia, left me in a very weak condition. I was advised to try your Bitters, and, having procured a bottle, found that they worked like a charm upon me, eight pounds having been added to my weight in the space of one week and new life seemed to have been infused into my system, so much so, that I have been induced to use them every summer since that time. As a tonic, I think they are invaluable.

This summer, having had a similar attack, (and as before, much reduced,) although under the treatment of an A No. 1 physician, I was again obliged to have recourse to the old Bitters, and with the same good result, having gained six pounds within a few days. I purchased a half dozen bottles a few weeks since, and d purpose to use them regularly as a tonic.

Wishing you every success, I remain

Yours, gratefully,

4w34 WILLIAM MILLER.

Valuable Medicine.

The sale of this remarkable and truly valuable preparation, Perry Davis' Pain Killer is constantly and rapidly increasing. During the past year the demand for the great remedy has been altogether unprecedented. Scarcely a week passed by, during which we do not hear of some remarkable cure having been performed within the circle of our acquaintance by the use of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.—*Providence Advertiser.*

Persons afflicted with any disease arising from a disordered liver or stomach, nervous debility, dyspepsia or liver complaint should try Perry Davis' Pain Killer. It seldom fails to effect a cure in a very short time. Sold by druggists generally throughout the United States.

From Saturday Evening Gazette.

It is impossible to find a place on this broad land where Perry Davis' Pain Killer is not known as a most valuable remedy for physical pain. In the country, miles from physician or apothecary, the Pain Killer is cherished as the exclusive panacea, and it never deceives. 1m34

DR. BEET'S INFALLIBLE LINIMENT

THE GREAT EXTERNAL REMEDY, CURES.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Stiff Neck and Joints, Bruises, Headache, Gout, Lumbago, Sprains, Cuts and Wounds, Toothache, Sores, Ulcers, Burns and Scalds, Chilblains, Bites and Stings.

Also the most efficient remedy for LAMENESS, SPRAINS, GALLS, SCRATCHES, &c., in horses.

GEO. C GOODWIN & CO, Boston, Manufacturers and Sole Agents. Sold by all Druggists. 16sep15

Turner's Tic Doloureux or Universal Neuralgia Pill

is a safe, certain and speedy Cure for Neuralgia and all Nervous Diseases. The severest cases are completely and permanently cured in a very short time. Neuralgia in the face or head is utterly banished in a few hours. No form of Nervous disease withstands its magic influence. It has the unqualified approval of many eminent physicians. It contains nothing injurious to the most delicate system. Sold everywhere. Sent on receipt of $1.00 and two postage stamps.

TURNER & CO.,

1y30 120 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., Proprietors.

FISHER'S COMPOUND MANDRAKE BITTERS.

From the original recipe. Unrivalled for its efficiency.

A sure cure for **Diseases of the Blood and Secretions.** Prepared by G. W. Wallingford grandson of the late Dr. Fisher. NASON SYMONDS & CO., Kennebunk, Me., Proprietors; RUSE BROS. & BIRD, 43 Hanover St., Boston, sole agents for New England. 3m26

MOTH & FRECKLES.

The only reliable remedy for those brown discolorations on the face called Moth Patches and Freckles, is PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. Prepared only by Dr. B. C PERRY Dermatologist. 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by all druggists in Augusta and elsewhere. Price $2 per bottle 6m15

FISHER'S COUGH DROPS.

A standard remedy for COUGHS and CONSUMPTION, prepared by G. W. Wallingford, grandson of the late Dr. Fisher. NASON, SYMONDS & CO., Kennebunk, Me., Proprietors; G. C. GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover St., Boston, N. E. Agents. 3m26

Whiskers. DR. LAMONTE'S CORRILLIA will force Whiskers upon the smoothest face, or Hair upon Bald Heads. Never known to fail. sample sent for 10 cents. Address REEVES & CO., 48 Nassau St., New York. 1y30*

NOTICE.

The semi-annual meeting of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society will be held at the Hall on the Show Ground at Readfield Corner on Monday, September 2 1 at 1 o'clock P. M.

E. Winthrop, Aug. 19, 1867. 37 DAVID CARGILL, Sec'y.

Married.

In Augusta Aug. 9th, by Rev. A. King, Joseph Turner to Miss Augusta A. Herrick, both of Augusta; Aug 34, by Rev. C. F. Penney, Henry spaulding to Emma J. Mathews, both of A.

In Wellington, Aug 11th, by Isaac Hutchins Jr. Esq., Charles Huff to Miss Charlotte J. Jones, both of Bridgton.

In Winslow, Aug. 15th, by Rev. N. Webb, Rev. George R. Plummer of Lincoln, to Sarah F Doe of Vassalboro'.

In Mercer, July 27th, by Rev. J. Malvern, Orland A. Barker of Skowhegan to Fannie L Whitcomb, of Mercer.

In Dover, N H., Aug. 18th, Benjamin Kimball, of Bangor to Nellie L Moulton.

Died.

In Augusta, Aug. 4th, Joseph Devine, aged 78 years.

In Evergreen, La., July 22d, Rev. John Q. Prescott, formerly of Readfield.

In Nobleboro', July 26th Sarah M. Linscott, aged 18 years 9 mos; Aug. 17th, Laura Jane Linscott, aged 15 years 8 months

In Readfield, Aug. 11th Mrs. Abbie M. Gordon, aged 27 years and 8 months.

HAY PRESSES!! HAY PRESSES!!

AUSTIN'S TRIUMPH HAY PRESS.

This Machine with four men will press with ease and certainty one ton of loose hay into 100 cubic feet at the rate of one ton per hour and at a less cost per ton than ordinary presses This machine saves about half the freight on hay wherever used, and gives a decided mon poly in the hay business.

No beating, ro ling or treading is required,—the press being self-loading or packing.

The hay is undisputed.

Presses are portable and easily and quickly set up in a common barn floor.

It is acknowledged by every one who has witnessed its operations to be the best portable compress ever invented.

Presses for sale with the rights for the New England States.

☞ Send for Circular. Address S. J. AUSTIN,

4i37 Freeport, Mass.

7-30's OF 1864.

Holder of these notes must exchange them before Sept. 15th, or lose the right of conversion.

KLING & POTTER BROS.,

Bankers and Brokers,

Office same floor with FREEMAN'S NATIONAL BANK, Augusta. 3i37

NEW PLANING MILL.

The subscriber has recently set up a new Planing Machine in the Mill on the east end of the Kennebec Dam and is prepared to furnish all descriptions of planed lumber at the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. Boards and clapboards constantly on hand and planed for use. Also Trimmings of various kinds and Window Frames.

J. M. POTTER.

Augusta, Aug. 20, 1867. 3i37*

WINE AND CIDER MILLS,

(HUTCHINSON'S PATENT.)

The Best Portable Mills and Press ever built, and improved for 1867. Two sizes capable of making *TWO* to *THREE* and *SIX* to *TEN BARRELS of CIDER PER DAY.* Circulars giving full description sent free to applicants. Liberal terms to dealers.

GOODWIN, SWEETSER & CO.,

Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,

6i37 77 and 79 Market St., Portsmouth N. H.

ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION!

AGENTS WANTED male and female, to introduce a patented article that every farmer and housekeeper will buy at 500 per cent. profit. Sample sent on receipt of 25 cents. Address

GEORGE M. DANFORTH & CO.

1i37 Inventor's Exchange, 512 Broadway, New York.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of Oak Grove Association will be held at the Seminary on the 14th of 9th month next at 9 o'clock A. M at which time the necessary officers will be chosen.

THOS. B. NICHOLS, Clerk.

Vassalboro', 8th month 19th, 1867. 3i37

THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD,

THE WESTERN HALF OF THE

Great National Trunk Line Across the Continent,

Being constructed with the AID AND SUPERVISION OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, is destined to be one of the MOST IMPORTANT AND VALUABLE RAILROADS IN THE WORLD, as it is the sole link of communication between the Pacific Coast and the Great Interior Basin, and the

Principal Portion of the Main Stem Line between the two Oceans.

The present Western terminus is at Sacramento, on the navigable waters of the Pacific, but it will ultimately extend from San Francisco across the richest and most populous parts of California, Nevada, and Utah, contiguous to all the great Mining Regions of the Far West The Company are authorized to continue their line eastward until it shall meet and connect with the roads now building east of the Rocky Mountain ranges.

Assuming that they will build and control half the entire distance between San Francisco and the Missouri river, as now seems probable, the United States will have invested in the completion of 865 miles $28,592,000, or at the average rate of $33 000 per mile—not including an absolute grant of 10,000,000 acres of the Public Lands. By becoming a joint investor in the magnificent enterprise, and by waiving its first lien in favor of the First Mortgage Bondholders, the General Government in effect, invites the co-operation of private capitalists and has carefully guarded their interests against all ordinary contingencies.

The Central Pacific Railroad enjoys all the privileges, grants, and subsidies conferred by the acts of Congress upon the other parts of the through line, and has, in addition, **several special, exclusive advantages,** applicable only to the Western Half.

I. The Company has received from the State and chief cities of California, assistance in money, credit, and valuable property, worth over $3,000,000 in gold, in addition to the full benefit of the Government subsidy.

II. *The hardest and costliest part of its construction has been successfully overcome* within the first 150 miles. In a few weeks the track will be completed entirely across the Sierra Nevadas, after which progress to Salt Lake will be easy and rapid.

III. The local business alone of this road establishes its complete financial success, independently of the vast through traffic which must pass over it. The gross earnings for the months of June and July, upon the 94 miles then open for business, were *upward of $237,000 in gold;* of which *four-fifths* were net earnings.

IV. It can have no competition, but will carry, besides its own lucrative local traffic, the *whole volume of through business* which is shared among its Eastern connections and their branches.

V. The road lies wholly in territory yielding the precious metals, *and its revenues are collected in coin.* Its rates for transportation are very advantageous, being more than three times those of roads lying east of it; and the *ratio of operating expenses is less than 25 per cent. of the gross earnings.*

VI. In consequence of the aid it receives from the General Government, from the State of California, and from Municipal corporations, the annual interest obligation which the Company are called upon to assume are very light The net earnings upon an average of about 75 miles, in 1866 were nearly *three times the amount of annual interest liabilities to be assumed in building it, and were $235,000 more than the annual interest on the entire amount of First Mortgage Bonds, which the Company can issue upon the first 150 miles.*

The Company offer for sale, through us, their

First Mortgage Thirty Year, Six per Cent. Coupon Bonds,

Principal and Interest payable in Gold Coin, in New York city. They are in sums of $1.000 each, with semi-annual gold coupons attached, and are selling for the present at 95 per cent and accrued interest from July 1st added, in currency, at which rate they yield nearly

Nine per Cent. upon the Investment.

These Bonds, authorized by Act of Congress, are issued only as the work progresses, and in the same amount only as the Bonds granted by the Government; and represent, in all cases, *the first lien* upon a completed, equipped, and productive railroad, in which have been invested Government subsidies, stock subscriptions, donations, surplus earnings, and which is worth more than three times the amount of First Mortgage Bonds which can be issued upon it.

The agreement of this Company to pay principal and interest of their Bonds in coin, being made under the Specific Contract Law of California, authorizing and enforcing contracts to pay gold, *is legally binding,* unlike similar agreements made by companies in States where no such legislative sanction exists.

In these important particulars the Securities of the Central Pacific Company *offer an unusual degree of safety, stability and profit combined.*

THE FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS OF THIS COMPANY are destined to occupy a prominent place amongst FIRST CLASS SECURITIES in the money market of this country and Europe, and will, without doubt, be eagerly sought for, and anxiously dealt in hereafter, at rates materially in advance of the price at which they are now offered.

Having carefully investigated the resources, progress, and prospects of the road, and the management of the Company's affairs, we cordially recommend these Bonds to Trustees, Executors, Institutions, and others as an eminently *sound, reliable and remunerative form of permanent investment.*

Conversions of Government Securities

INTO

CENTRAL PACIFIC FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

now *realize for the holders about*

TWELVE PER CENT. ADVANTAGE,

WITH THE SAME RATE OF INTEREST.

For sale by Banks and Bankers generally, of whom descriptive Pamphlets and Maps can be obtained, and by

FISK & HATCH,

Bankers and Dealers in Gov't Securities,

AND

FINANCIAL AGENTS OF THE C. P. R. R. CO.,

NO. 5 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

N. B.—All kinds of Government Securities Bought and Sold; Deposits and Accounts of Banks, Bankers, and others received on favorable terms. 3m37

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

In the whole history of medical discoveries NO REMEDY has performed so many or such remarkable cures of the numerous affections of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, as the long-tried and justly celebrated *Balsam.* So generally acknowledged is the superior excellence of this remedy that but few of the many who have tested its virtues by experience fail to keep it at hand as a speedy and certain cure for sudden attacks of *Cold*—fully believing that its remedial powers are comprehensive enough to embrace every form of disease, from the slightest cold to the most dangerous symptom of pulmonary complaint.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY.

From REV. FRANCIS LOMBELL, *Pastor of the South Congregational Church, Bridgeport, Connecticut.*

"I consider it a duty which I owe to suffering humanity to bear testimony to the virtues of DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. I have used it—when I have had occasion for any remedy for Coughs, Colds or Sore Throat,—for many years, and never in a single instance has it failed to relieve and cure me. I have frequently been very hoarse on Saturday, and looked forward to the delivery of two sermons on the following day with sad misgivings but by a liberal use of the Balsam my hoarseness has invariably been removed, and I have preached without difficulty.

I commend it to my breathren in the ministry, and to public speakers generally, as a certain remedy for the bronchial troubles to which we are peculiarly exposed."

Prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & SON, 18 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, and sold by all druggists.

For all the Protean forms of Disease originating in

SCROFULA,

there is nothing can equal the purifying effects of Iodine when administered in a pure state.

Dr. H. Anders' Iodine Water

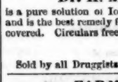
is a pure solution of Iodine dissolved in water, without a solvent, and is the best remedy for Scrofula and kindred diseases ever discovered. Circulars free.

J. P. DINSMORE, Proprietor,

No. 36 Dey St., New York.

Sold by all Druggists. 4i37

FARM FOR SALE CHEAP,



Situated in West Gardiner on the road leading from Hallowell city to Litchfield, 4 miles from Hallowell about the same distance from Gardiner. Said farm contains about 40 acres of excellent land suitably divided. A splendid wood lot containing by estimate 300 cords of standing wood; there is also a large orchard which has produced 500 bushels of grafted fruit yearly. The buildings consist of a two story wood dwelling house which has been built within a few years and is thoroughly finished; there is a splendid cellar with cemented bottom and a cistern of soft water in the house; also a well of good water in the L. The outbuildings consist of a barn, woodshed, carriage house, stable, work shop and all necessary buildings for farm use. To keep the same farm recently owned by Mr James Woodbury Esq Circumstances induce me to sell at a very low price. If not disposed of at private sale said farm will at public auction on Monday Sept. 30th, 1867, at 1 o'clock P M.; and the hay and standing tools will be sold at the same time and place a beautiful situation will find said farm second to none in Kennebec County. Inquire of the subscriber on the premises

2i37 EDWARD G. BOWMAN, West Gardiner.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

Whereas Josiah Priest Jr., of Vassalboro', in the county of Kennebec, died on the 8th of March, A. D 1867, conveyed to me certain pieces or lots of land situated in said Vassalboro', which said deed is recorded in the Register of Deeds Office in and for the County of Kennebec Book 214, Page 144 reference being had to said record for a discription of the premises, and the condition of said mortgage having been broken, I hereby claim to foreclose the same. ALLEN BRACKETT.

Chins, August 14th, 1867. 3i37*

PURE HONEY,

Near to Market, Easy, and Cheap. Information of great value to Hotel keepers, Store keepers, Pedlars and all Families, sent free. Address G. G. BERRY,

3m37 North Strafford, N. H.

FURNACES! FURNACES!

COAL AND WOOD.

Wholesale and Retail

BY THE MANUFACTURER

E. D. NORCROSS,

Augusta, Maine,

2m33

WORMS! WORMS!!

Save the children—why let them suffer or die, when relief is at hand? Dr Gould's Pin Worm Syrup will speedily remove Pin Worms, or any other worms from the system without the slightest injury to the health.

It is a mild cathartic, and improves the health by removing all impurities from the system. Sold by

6m19 GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO. Boston, and all Druggists.

NEW GOODS.

We are now opening our Spring Stock consisting of Dress Goods in great variety. A full line of Domestics of the best manufacture, and at the *LOWEST MARKET PRICES.* Also a large assortment of woollens for Men's and Boy's wear. Cloths for Ladies and Misses' Sacques. A complete assortment of Hosiery, Gloves, Small Wares, &c. BARTON & RUSSELL.

April 22, 1867. 20

J. W. HARLOW,

Truckman,

Order slate at TITCOMB & DORR'S, and DEERING & HOLWAY'S. Residence No. 20 Crosby St. Baggage, Furniture, Pianos, &c., moved with dispatch. 6m18

SOME MORE OF THOSE NICE KIDS,

just received, only $1 25. F. BRIDGE & CO.,

33 Successors to WHEELER & HOBSON.

CORSETS.

German Corsets, best makes in white and colors, at

April, 22, 1867. 20 BARTON & RUSSELL'S.

DR. POLAND'S HUMOR DOCTOR

For the cure of humors of the blood is for sale in Augusta by

31 CHAS. K. PARTRIDGE, Druggist.

MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

Perry's at $2. Schlotterbeck's at 50c. For sale at FULLER'S Drug Store. 33

MAINE STATE HORSE FAIR,

SEPTEMBER 3d, 4th & 5th, 1867.

TO BE HELD IN AUGUSTA,

The MAINE STATE HORSE FAIR will be held at the State Trotting Park, Augusta, Me., on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 3d, 4th, and 5th, under the management of the Proprietors.

$3,000 IN PREMIUMS.

All entries to be made to W. M. THAYER, Augusta, in sealed envelopes with money enclosed on or before Aug 31st, stating Class or Purse with name of horse and Entrance Fee—10 per cent to all Purses or Classes.

JOHN H. MORRILL, Marshal.

THAYER & KREGER, Proprietors.

The following are the Premiums offered:

GRAND SWEEPSTAKES OF $1000.

Open to all Trotting Horses.

First Premium,	$700
Second "	200
Third "	100

Best 3 in 5. 3 to start.

PURSE.—Fastest Span Trotting Horses to be owned by one man 1st premium, $100; 2d do, $40; best 3 to 5 in wagon.

PURSE—Open to all horses to wagon. 1st premium, 2 mile heats best 2 in 3, $90; 2d do $40.

CLASS 1—Open to all running horses (catch weights), 2 mile heats best 2 in 3 1st premium, $75; 2d do $25.

CLASS 2—Open to all trotting horses to saddle (catch weights) mile heats best 3 in 5. 1st premium, $50; 2d do $25.

CLASS 3—Open to horses owned in Maine 3 months prior to Fair, for Gentlemen's Driving Horses to Harness that have not trotted faster than 2.35 in public, 1st premium, $100; 2d do $50.

CLASS 9—Open to all horses that never beat 2.40, 1st premium $75; 2d do $25, mile heats best 3 in 5 to harness.

CLASS 3—Open to all Stallions raised and owned in Maine, 1st premium $150; 2d do best 3 to 5 in harness, $75.

CLASS 4—Fancy Matched Horses (speed to be considered), 1st premium $30; 2d do $20; 3d do $10; best 2 in 3 in wagon.

CLASS 5—Best Tandem or Tridem, 1st premium $50; 2d do $25; mile heats best 3 in 5.

CLASS 6—Open to all horses owned in Maine 3 months prior to Fair, Gentlemen's Driving Horses that have not beat 2 45 in public, 1st premium, $75; 2d do $25 mile heats best 3 in 5 to harness.

PURSE—Open to all running horses (catch weights), 1st premium, $75; 2d do $25 mile heats best 3 in 5.

PURSE—Open to all Trotting Horses, 1st premium, $150; 2d do, $50, best 3 in 5 to harness.

PURSE—(Mule Race) open to all Mules, 1st premium $50; 2d do $25, owners to drive, best 3 in 5 to harness.

CLASS 7—4 years old and under 5, open to all geldings and Mares owned in Maine 3 months prior to Fair, 1st premium, $50; 2d do $25.

In addition to the above purses the proprietors offer the following premium of $100:

To all 4 year old Stallions raised and owned in Maine, 1st premium $75; 2d do $25. Best 3 in 5 Harness.

EXTRA PURSE. 1st Premium, $50; 2d do $25. Open to all horses owned in Maine that have never beat 3 minutes.

EXTRA PURSE. 1st Premium. $40; 2d do, $20. Open to all horses owned in Maine that have never beat 3 minutes.

For full particulars see large posters 36

AUCTION.

BY J. B. FOSTER,

Office No. 44 West Market Square.

Splendid Farm,

Farming Utensils,

Horses, Harnesses, &c.

On Tuesday, September 10th,

At 10 o'clock A. M., on the premises, unless previously disposed of at private sale the splendid farm in Hampden, owned and occupied for the last 19 years by Mr. T. G RICH Mr Rich having decided to change his business, will sell his valuable farm and other property as above.

This place is situated on the old road from Bangor to Hampden near the southerly line of the city of Bangor, and less than two miles from the Bangor House. It is regarded by many as the "Model Farm" of Penobscot County, and taking everything into account, it is safe to assert that there are few, if any, better farms in the County.

It has a front on the northerly side of the road of about 60 rods, and extends back nearly a mile, and all enclosed by a substantial fence, mostly of pine stumps, and contains a little more than 100 acres The Maine Central Railroad runs along the northerly line of the farm for more than half a mile. The soil is a deep loam, with clay bottom, and is adapted to any crop usually cultivated in this section of the State. about 80 acres are in mowing and tillage, 5 acres used as a pasture, and the remainder covered with a thrifty growth of w

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER

Poetry.

GOING TO THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

Barefoot boy and little girl,
Blue with rosy cheek and curls,
His a forehead brown with tan,
Sturdy little farmer man.

Old straw hat with broken rim,
Is the least that troubles him,
As the dinner pail he swings,
Full of mother's choicest things.

Happy little pair are they,
Chatting blithely on the way,
In the morning fresh and cool,
Going to the district school.

From the shady farm-house door
Mother watches, till no more
She can follow—out of sight
They are gone, her heart's delight.

Can you see them sitting there,
On the benches hard and bare,
Tired feet swinging to and fro,
Conning o'er the lessons low?

Sitting at the noon of school,
By the gurgling streamlet cool,
'Mong the brakes and bending trees,
Eating up the bread and cheese!

Or, with merry laugh and shout,
When the boys and girls are out,
Books and pencils cast away,
See them jump, and swing, and play.

Hark! the ferule on the pane,
Rap, and rap, and rap again,
Rushing in with cheeks aglow,
Half reluctantly they go.

Glide the busy hours away,
Till the warm sun's western ray
Slants across the open door,
And the hours of school are o'er.

Happy, healthy girl and boy,
Full of simple, careless joy
Free from tyrant fashion's rule,
Going to the district school.

In the busy noon of life,
'Midst its restless fever strife,
As your pathway shall divide,
From the rest-tree wandering wide,

Memories of the morning hours,
Songs of birds and scent of flowers,
Bleat of lambs, and song of rill,
Will come sweetly o'er you still.

And your thoughts go yearning back,
O'er the bright childhood track,
When the longest road you knew,
Was the one that led you to
The schoolhouse one mile away,
Where the birch and rule held sway.

Our Story-Teller.

SHEPHERD BOY OF BLASSEWITZ.

I.

One beautiful evening in the month of June, 1750, two men issued from the unique tavern of the village of Blassewitz, situated in the outskirts of Dresden. They were two old friends, who were never seen out of company, when the duties of a double profession would permit them an hour of respite. To the title of farmer, which was common to them as well as to the inhabitants of their poor village, was joined in one that of the school-master, in the other that of a fiddler. The latter was habitually designated by his modest name, Fritz, and in all the neighboring hamlets Father Fritz was sought on festival days, as it was his violin that least fretted the airs of the waltz and country dance As for the schoolmaster, in was unquestionably out of respect for his quality that, preceding his family name by the word Mynheer, every one removed his hat in addressing Mynheer Saasfeld. What had connected and cemented these two men was music; Mynheer Saasfeld possessed a harpsichord, on which he was almost as expert as Father Fritz on his violin. Their greatest delight was to pass their evenings, after the labors of the day in deciphering together a few old music books bought at Dresden from the second-hand store dealers; occasionally, also, they repaired to the Inn where they could discuss a small jug of beer and converse on their favorite subject.

During the evening in question they tarried till the hour was advanced, and yet they traversed with slow steps—they enjoyed themselves so well together—the already deserted road that conducted to their homes.

The two little dwellings in which they lived were separated by a common court yard; the latter was enclosed by a wall on the street side in which each house had entrance. As our two friends paused, and were shaking hands before separating, their ears were suddenly greeted with a sound that struck them with astonishment.

"What does that mean?" cried Father Fritz. "My violin playing a waltz all alone while I am away!"

"I was not deceived, then," said Mynheer Saasfeld. "I thought at first it was an illusion."

They bent forward their ears the better to hear; the noise had ceased. Father Fritz introduced his lock as softly as he could. "Come with me," said he to the schoolmaster; "we must clear up this mystery."

But the mystery was impenetrable; nothing was deranged in the house; the violin and bow occupied their habitual place, suspended from a nail driven in the wall, and the only living being presented to the eyes of the two ferreters was a child of eight or nine summers, the son of Father Fritz, the little shepherd's boy Amedee, who was snoring in one corner on his straw pallet.

"Come, come!" cried Father Fritz, "your first idea was the best; we have been the sport of an illusion. We talked so much of music all the evening that our ears must have been filled with it."

A few days after, the schoolmaster and the fiddler found themselves in the same place at about the same hour.

"Ah, hear!" cried the first.

"What is it, Mynheer Saasfeld?"

"What is it! Do you not hear?"

Both, seized with stupor, listened with drooping arms and open mouths.

"We were not dupes the other night, Father Fritz; it was no illusion, it was your violin that we heard."

"And to-night it is the sound of your harpsichord playing all alone, Mynheer."

The latter abruptly opened the door of his house; at the same instant there was a movement in the interior; and then a noise was heard, which must have resulted from the falling of a body.

The schoolmaster and the fiddler quickly entered the hall where stood the harpsichord. By the light of the moon, whose rays, unobstructed, entered a window opening on the court yard, they saw a child rise hurriedly from the floor, where he had fallen, and run to the window to leap the sill.

Mynheer Saasfeld, seizing him by the collar, gave him no time.

"What, Amedee!" said the schoolmaster recognizing the shepherd's boy.

"My son!" exclaimed the fiddler, more and more surprised.

Amedee related how that being unable to resist the desire to make music like his father and the schoolmaster, and he had already twenty times profited during their absence to leave his bed and exercise, sometimes on the violin, at others on the harpsichord, as his humor influenced him. His narrative ended, he wept and asked pardon.

Father Fritz and Mynheer Saasfeld embraced him for a response.

"Well, my boy," said the former, "since you love music so much, why have you not spoken? I would have taught you how to play all the country dances and waltzes that I know on my violin."

"Good, good!" added Mynheer Saasfeld. "We will now try and regain lost time; it will give me no less pleasure to make him figure as well before my harpsichord."

II.

Three years had elapsed. The little herdsman was in his twelfth year. We should not say the little herdsman; for two years Amedee had ceased watching the flocks. Father Fritz, encouraged by Mynheer Saasfeld in the opinion that his son was gifted with a superior intelligence, had imposed on himself great privations in order to favor its development. The education of Amedee, however, would have been very incomplete, if he had not contributed by his zeal to the resources of his father. But he who knew so well how to profit by the lessons that were given him, and the little time he was permitted to receive them, that, in the village of Blassewitz, they looked upon him as a prodigy, and even in Dresden they considered him the first among children of his age. We may add that Father Fritz was no longer competent to teach him on the violin, and Mynheer Saasfeld never ceased repeating with astonishment, "Here I am at fifty years, and this little fellow, who has only seen a dozen, knows more than I? It is perfectly incomprehensible."

Now, it happened that one Sunday afternoon, an individual, who, from his costume and language, might readily be recognized as a foreigner, issued from the gates of Dresden for a walk, and, without having any destination, chanced to cross the village of Blassewitz. Our promenader appeared sometimes to be dreaming profoundly, at others to be humming some melody and making the measures by striking one hand against the other. As he was passing the house of Father Fritz, he suddenly ceased musing and humming.

"What do I hear?" he said to himself stopping.

What he heard was a very difficult composition being correctly executed on the violin. His surprise did not proceed from the fact of there being music in the village—that was very common in Germany; but he was much astonished that the village should possess, in one of its modest cottages a musician of so much merit. The reader may imagine his stupefaction, when, on approaching the window, which was open, he recognized the virtuoso as quite a boy, clad in the coarse habit of the villagers.

"Bravo, bravissimo!" said he, clapping his hands with enthusiasm.

It was fortunate that Father Fritz, who with Mynheer Saasfeld constituted at this moment Amedee's audience, responded politely to that mark of approbation. The stranger willingly accepted the cordial hospitality that was offered him, and evinced so much interest and admiration, that Amedee repeated before him all his repertoire.

The sitting concluded, they commenced conversing.

"Your intention is undoubtedly to push forward the lad?" asked the stranger of Father Fritz.

"Alas! If I could do it, I would with pleasure.—God knows that limited means alone prevent my employing a master."

"Hold!" he said after a moment's silence, "I am going to communicate to you, without preamble, a thought that has occurred to me; intrust me with your son; I will not ask a farthing; the boy may repay my cares with little service; and I will answer for it that in a few years he will have taken rank among our most illustrious musicians."

That proposition opened wide the eyes and pricked up the ears of Father Fritz.

"Ah, sir," said he, "what a good act you would be doing, and how grateful I should be." Then prudence overcome all other sentiments, and he added in a timid voice: "Will you excuse me, if I take the liberty of addressing you one question?—but—I do not know who you are."

"Your curiosity is quite just," responded the stranger, smiling. "I am X., a member of the royal chapel at Stockholm, and my design is to visit Italy, with the purpose of admiring the great maestro, of becoming acquainted with them, and of soliciting their counsel and even their instruction; it depends upon you to determine whether this journey shall be of more profit to your son than to me."

This was an alluring prospect to the eyes of Father Fritz. Mynheer affirmed, with his most solemn voice, that the finger of Providence was manifestly disclosed in the accident that had conducted X. to Blassewitz. Amedee, dazzled at the offer, hung to the neck of his father, praying that he might be allowed to depart.

A compact, with such conditions, it could not take long to conclude. X. passed the night in the fiddler's cottage; and when, on the morrow, he departed, after having bade adieu to his host, Amedee accompanied him, carrying on his staff, swinging from his shoulder, a little bundle that contained his effects.

III.

After a brief sojourn at Dresden, X. mounted his carriage, to continue his travels.

"My good boy," said he to Amedee, "follow me on foot; I will go slowly; I do not see how I can do better—my carriage is so narrow."

It was, in fact, a sort of cabriolet, narrow enough, and drawn by a single horse. The virtuoso, although rich, was a somewhat parsimonious character, and, moreover, liked his ease. By crowding a little, it would have been possible to make room for the child; but the idea did not occur to him. We must say that Amedee had no disposition to complain; his respect for X., in whom he beheld a benefactor, made him think the latter's conduct quite natural, and the golden dreams with which his young imagination was filled, for a long time prevented his feeling fatigued.

But it was by no means a day's journey and the road was often rough for foot travel. X. reached Hamburg first, and thence directed his way toward Italy, crossing Austria and the mountains of Styria and Carinthia. A traveler of vigor and with the strength of age would not have dared to undertake such a journey; the reader may, therefore, judge of the sufferings poor Amedee submitted to in always seeing roll before him the conveyance of his benefactor. Once, however, strength failed the boy, and he seated himself at the road side, where, with his head in his hands, he shed a torrent of tears.

Was it because of the harshness of the great artist that he wept? No; it was himself the generous boy accused; he was bewailing his insufficient strength.

X. observing that Amedee no longer trotted at his side, stopped his horse and threw a look over the road through an opening in the back of his carriage. On seeing the child sitting down, he began to suspect that he must be seriously tired. But it was not without a curse that our virtuoso decided to drive back and make Amedee enter his cabriolet.

"Do you know, my boy, that you cause me a great deal of trouble? Yet I am performing a christian duty, and I trust that Heaven will repay me."

In about a quarter of an hour, during which he uttered more than twenty sighs, he resumed, in a terrible short tone:

"Well, my boy, do you feel better?"

"Oh, yes sir," replied Amedee, enchanted with that new method of traveling.

"Come, then; I am very uncomfortable. Since you are no longer tired, get down and permit me to breathe a little in my turn."

Amedee descended and resignedly commenced walking again.

That scene was renewed five or six times, not without forcing heavy sighs from X., who did not cease repeating:—

"All is not roses for him who would do good."

We owe it to X. to say that, beyond the remarkable effort of vouchsafing for a few minutes a place in his carriage to poor Amedee, in his nourishment he experienced the additional sacrifice of eighteen cents a day.

IV.

X. was one of those persons in whom the fire of enthusiasm is extinguished as promptly as lighted; every day and hour that rolled over him weakened the souvenir of the impression which the playing of Amedee had produced on him. "That is the way one allows himself to be betrayed by enthusiasm," thought he. "And then how foolish one acts, in perhaps compromising the future of a child by opening to him a career he may fail of accomplishing half way in its pursuit. And how much embrrassment one thus incurs! But what matters it? I promised Father Fritz to take care of his son—I will do it."

And, indeed, hardly had he arrived at one of the principal cities of Italy, where he calculated sojourning for some time, when he summoned Amedee one morning and said to him: "My child, this is the place and time to commence fulfilling the promise I made your excellent father. In return for my favors to you, I only ask for services proportioned to the strength of your age. Come, here are my boots, bring them back when you have made them shine."

Amedee, amazed, took the boots, but did not leave the apartment.

"What are you waiting for my boy? Did you not hear me?"

"Yes, indeed sir, but what——"

"Well, what is it?"

"What I wished to ask you way, when you will have the kindness to give me my first lesson?"

"Lesson in what?"

"Music."

X. assumed a compassionate look, and shrugging his shoulders, said, "You are crazy; I would not, certainly, render that bad service."

A tear rolled down the child's cheek, still he hazarded the observation.

"But sir, why then, did you bring me with you."

"Ah, yes, there it is; why did I bring you with me?" said the virtuoso, without feeling the least disconcerted in the world. "That shows that every one has his moments of thoughtlessness, and that your father has not been more exempt than I. At all events, what is done is done; I could not have the barbarity to cast you on the world; I, therefore, consent to take care of you, on conditions, be it understood, that you will serve me; only I promise you shall not be treated as a servant by being offered wages."

Amedee had no other alternative than to accept the proposition of X. or to be exposed to die of hunger.—He bore away the boots and set himself to work to polish them,

X, kept his word; he treated Amedee so unlike a hired servant that the unfortunate boy never saw the color of his master's money. He was by way of compensation wretchedly enough clad and still more wretchedly fed. Yet his personal sufferings were not what affected him most; he only felt really sad at the thought of the miserable condition in which his father was living and of his inability to assist him. That sorrowful reflection, which often afflicted his heart at an age when one ordinarily surrenders himself entirely to thoughtlessness and love of pleasure, ended by inspiring him with a generous resolution; he conceived the idea of copying music. In a short time he had saved some money, and, instead of asking aid from Father Fritz, as his master had frequently counseled him, he sent the good fiddler the total of his small earnings in a letter, filled with joy at having been able through his labors to comfort his father, who had denied himself to give him a little education. That very touching letter bore in gross characters on the address, "Good news from Amedee in Italy!" as if his good heart had apprehended his father might not be sufficiently assured of his happiness.

V.

Tartini, the celebrated composer, and the first violinist of his age, resided in the city where X, was then sojourning. The latter, a great admirer of the maestro, resolved to perfect himself by becoming initiated through him in all the refinements of the art. The day on which he was to take his first lesson, X, directed Amedee to carry in advance his violin to Tartini's. The boy had often heard pronounced with eulogy the name of the great artist.

"How happy is this X!" thought he, on his way. "Alas! if heaven had only willed that I might be in his place!" After repeatedly uttering that exclamation, he concluded, "But without being in his place, why may I not be like him?"

His good genius had spoken under a good inspiration. Yet after examination, the idea appeared to him so audacious that he rejected it as impracticable. Misfortune had already taught him to brave his thoughts, and illusion, which had hitherto sustained his courage, no longer found a place in his young heart.

Having finally resolved to abandon his inspiration, he was prepared to deliver his master's violin to the first person he might encounter at Tartini's.

"Very good, my child," said that person to him; "I hold myself at the service of your master.

Clarence had thrown Amedee into the presence of Tartini himself. He was a handsome old man, whose physiognomy announced the greatest benevolence.

Amedee felt attracted toward him by a secret impulse of the heart, and at the same time the idea he had abandoned rose imperiously before his vision.—"Sir," said he, in a voice that trembled with emotion, "would you permit me to say a word to you in my own name?"

"Why not?" responded the artist with a sweet smile. "Come, what have you to ask of me?"

"You will think me very bold, but the kindness I see written in your eye gives me the hope you will not be offended."

"Explain youself, and I answer that you shall not have been deceived."

"I would obtain a privilege from you that would render me happier than all the treasures of the world."

"And what is that privilege?"

"It is," stammered Amedee, "that I may accompany Master X. whenever he comes hither, and listen to the lessons he may receive from you."

"What?" said Tartini.

"Only at the door," replied the child in his most supplicating voice.

"At the door? Ah! you love music very much, then!"

"Love it, indeed!"

"And you wish to indulge a little in advance of the pleasures of the concert?"

"I wish to become a musician like you," replied the boy, throwing back his head with pride.

Tartini looked with surprise upon that young countenance, lighted up with intelligence.

"Ah! ah! If you only knew the first principles of an art which has so many followers, of whom so few are distinguished."

"I play a little on the violin," responded Amedee, modestly lowering his eyes.

"Upon that case, take out the instrument it contains, and show me what you know."

Amedee obeyed. Tartini listened to his playing whith profound wonderment. The child, when he had finished, tremblingly arose, with his eyes fastened on his judge.

"My child," said Tartini, "your request is ridiculous; I deny it."

Amedee felt his heart failing.

"Ay! what is it your are asking for? Come," continued the artist, "take up the violin which you have dropped, and seat yourself for a moment before putting it away. Certainly I reject your request. Listen at the door to the lessons I am going to give your master! For shame! You would be too long on the road." And while Amedee, palpitating between joy and grief, seemed to hesitate as to the sense he should attribute to these words, Tartini added:

"I intend giving you lessons directly. Is that clear? And I answer that in a few years you will have outstripped me. Scholars of your stamp are not common, and when one chances to fall in hand, I cannot afford to lose him."

The reader will understand better than I can describe the joy of Amedee, and the warmth with which he testified his gratitude to the excellent Tartini.

But the most beautiful day has its clouds. X. informed of Amedee's happiness, conceived a violent spite, which he was not long in manifesting.

"My dear," said he to the child in a rallying tone, "you are going to become a great man, and great men are not intended to be lackeys." And speaking thus, he placed in Amedee's hand the staff and the little package we have already recognized, and pointed to the door, without adding a word, nor, what is more, the smallest piece af money.

This was the last misfortune of the Shepherd Boy of Blassewitz. An English physician, who was also a pupil of Tartini, conceived a friendship for his young fellow disciple, and offered him a more generous hospitality than that which had emanated from his previous patron.

VI.

In the royal palace of Stockholm, two men of about the same age were one day closeted in a library, and seated before a table covered with manuscript noticeable for its numerous erasures and corrections. This manuscript, in which the words dressed and notes arranged in musical phrases were mingled, was destined, when collected and methodized, to constitute an opera.

The poet and the musician had met there to examine, to collate, and to discuss their work for the last time before delivering it into the hands of the comedian to prepare for the stage. The work was entitled Gustavus Vasa. The poet was called Gustavus III., King of Sweden.

The musician was Naumann, the illustrious author who has left so many remarkable operas and so many beautiful morsels of religious music, among which are still admired David in Scrapinto, Pater Noster, and the Cantata of the Pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre.

We must not forget to say that Naumann also called himself Amedee, and our readers will readily recognize in him The Shepherd Boy of Blassewitz.—*Hours at Home.*

A Millionaire in the Ranks.

BY JAMES PARTON.

No army, I suppose, ever contained such a variety of characters and conditions as that of the United States during the late war. There were men in it of almost every race and color; men of every degree of moral worth and unworthiness—from the patriot hero giving his life for his country to the plundering "bounty jumper" who has since found a suitable home in a State prison. Among other characters, the strangest, perhaps, was a private soldier who obtained an income of two hundred thousand dollars a year. Upon the staffs of major generals and at the head of regiments there were several millionaires and sons of millionaires; but the gentleman of whom we speak, Elias Howe, Jr.,—the inventor of the sewing machine—served in the ranks of the Seventeenth Connecticut, and refused every offer of a commission, allegging as a reason that he was ignorant of military affairs and could render no effective service to his country except as a private. Having had occasion recently to gather information respecting the origin and progress of the sewing machine, I heard the story of Mr. Howe's enlistment and service from the officers of his regiment and now avail myself of the inventor's absence from the country to repeat it to the readers of the *Ledger*.

He enlisted in July, 1862—the second year of the war. The country, as we all remember had put forth prodigious efforts to repair the calamity of Bull Run. An immense army had been assembled on the banks of the Potomac, which, after a long winter spent in organizing and drilling it, had been swiftly conveyed to Virginia and successfully landed near Yorktown.—That proved to be the end of its success. Stopped for a month at Yorktown, until Richmond was ready to withstand it, that mighty host of devoted men came within sight of the steeples of the Confederate capital, whence, after a succession of mishaps, reverses and defeats, it was driven back to the James, and was soon after ordered back to its old position on the Potomac. Nothing in the history of the war seems to me so remarkable as the high spirit and unshaken resolution of the people after disasters so terrible, so unexpected, and so peculiarly calculated to dishearten a nation unused to war.

It was July, 1862. The army was still on the James, protected by the gunboats of the navy. A new levy of troops was ordered. Until this time, men had not hung back, and new regiments had come in about as fast as they could be equipped. But, in July of this year, when the ripening harvest called farmers to their fields, and the tidings of defeat gave pause to to those inclined to enlist, the forming regiments filled slowly, and there were vague rumors in the air of a possible draft. Then it was that it occurred to some gentlemen of Bridgeport, Connecticut, to raise a county regiment, the several companies of which should be composed of friends and neighbors. It was an excellent and fruitful thought. The sanction of Governor Buckingham was obtained, and a public meeting was called for July 17th, to begin the work.

The public anxiety as well as the patriotism of the people of Bridgeport caused this to be one of the largest and most earnest ever held in the town. Mr. Howe attended it, and sat up on the platform as one of the vice-presidents. When the meeting had been organized, it was addressed by several speakers, who raised the enthusiasm of the crowd to the highest point.—Money was liberally subscribed for the expenses of the proposed regiment—Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson heading the list with five thousand dollars, and Elias Howe following with one thousand. The whole sum raised was twenty-five thousand dollars. This was encouraging, and it was then to be seen how the citizens of Bridgeport would respond to the call for services more perilous and more necessary than the subscribing of money.

When the time came for inviting men to enlist, Mr. Howe—to the astonishment of his friends, for he had never before addressed a public meeting—rose to his feet, and spoke somewhat as follows:

"At such a time as this every man is called upon to do what he can for his country. I don't know what I can do unless it is to enlist and serve as a private in the Union army. I want no position. In fact, I know nothing of military matters; but I am willing to learn and to do what I can with a musket. At any rate, I mean to go. I have in my hand a piece of paper for the names of those who enlist to-night, and my name is at the head of it."

With these words, he laid the paper upon the chairman's table. The excitement produced by this announcement can neither be imagined nor described. Mr. Howe was known to every one present as being one of the wealthiest men in the State, whose residence at Iranistan was as pleasant and attractive a scene as could anywhere be found; and to exchange this for the privations of a camp seemed to the audience, as it *was*, a most remarkable evidence of patriotic principle. Cheer upon cheer expressed and relieved the feelings of the excited multitude.

The next incident that occurred was one in which the comic and the pathetic were blended. The coachman who had driven Mr. Howe's carriage that evening, attracted by the continual cheers within the hall, had hired a boy to hold his horses, and had entered the building to witness the proceedings. He was a warm-hearted Irishman, named Michael Cahill, past the age of military service as defined by law. Upon hearing his employer's speech, he rushed forward, and, clambering upon the platform, cried out—

"Put down my name too! I can't bear to have the old man go alone."

So down went the name of Michael Cahill, coachman, next to that of Elias Howe. Laughter and cheers, mingled in about equal proportions, followed the announcement of "Mike's" intention. Other names now came in with great rapidity. A large number of men were obtained that night, and such zeal and enthusiasm were created in the county by the events of the evening that in twenty days the Seventeenth Connecticut had upon its rolls the names of one thousand men. It was commanded by Colonel H. H. Noble, one of the leading lawyers of Bridgeport.

A difficulty arose when Mr. Howe had to be examined by the surgeon of the regiment, Dr. Hubbard. All his life the inventor of the sewing machine has been troubled with an hereditary lameness. Indeed, it was owing to the extreme fatigue which his daily labor as a journeyman machinist caused him, in consequence of this lameness, that he set about inventing something by which he hoped to earn his living less laboriously. The probability is, that if Elias Howe had had two good legs, he would never have invented the sewing machine. When Dr. Hubbard hesitated about accepting him, and told him that he could not march:

"No matter," said the inventor, "you *must* pass me. I am *going!*"

Both the officers and men of the regment soon discovered that to have a man in a regiment who is both rich and generous, is extremely convenient. To some of the field officers he gave horses from his stable, and to others he lent them; and whenever there was delay or difficulty in procuring an article necessary for the regiment's speedy departure, his purse was always open to supply the deficiency. Early in September, the regiment started on its way toward the seat of war, and went into camp near Baltimore.

When the camp was organized and the regiment entered upon its routine duties Mr. Howe discovered that the doctor was right. He could not march with a musket in his hand, even to the extent of standing sentry. But determined to be of service he volunteered to serve the regiment as its postmaster, messenger and expressman. Sending home for a suitable horse and wagon he drove into Baltimore twice every day, and brought to the camp the letters and parcels for the regiment, which he distributed from his own tent with his own hands. He served, in short, as the father of the regiment. Going home occasionally to Bridgeport, where he was then building a large factory, he always gave notice of his intention, and made his journey with a small cargo of letters and bundles for the families of his comrades, and took unwearied pains in performing every commission intrusted to him. As one of the officers said to me, "he would run over half the State to deliver a letter to some lonely mother anxious for her soldier boy, or bring back to him in the camp a favorite pair of boots which he needed during the rainy winter of Maryland."

I once heard Mr. Howe relate a curious anecdote of one of these journeys. He was sitting in the cars behind two wild secessionists, who were conversing eagerly about the war. One of them said to the other:

"Yes sir! the whole thing was got up for the purpose of giving fat contracts to the d—d abolitionists. There's old Howe, the sewing machine man, worth his millions; they have actually given him the contract for carrying the mail to the army."

"You don't say so," said the other.

"'Tis a fact," rejoined his friend. "I saw Howe myself riding in one of the mail carts yesterday."

Mr. Howe smiled, but said nothing.

Another story of his warlike experience is related by Col. Stephen A. Walker, paymaster of the division to which Mr. Howe's regiment belonged.

For four months after the Seventeenth Connecticut entered the field the government was so pressed for money that no payments to the troops could be made, and consequently there was great suffering among the families of the soldiers, and a still more painful anxiety suffered by the men themselves. One day a private soldier came quietly into the paymaster's office in Washington, and as there were several officers already there to be attended to, he took his seat in a corner, to wait his turn. When the officers had been disposed of, Colonel Walker turned to him and said:

"Now, my man, what can I do for you?"

"I have called," said the soldier, "to see about the payment of the Seventeenth Connecticut."

The paymaster, a little irritated by what he supposed a needless and impertinent interruption, told him somewhat bluntly, "that a paymaster could do nothing without money, and that until the government could furnish some it was useless for soldiers to come bothering him about the pay of their regiment."

"I know," said the soldier, "the government is in straits, and I have called to find out how much money it will take to give my regiment two months' pay, and if you will tell me I am ready to furnish the amount."

The officer stared with astonishment, and asked the name of the soldier, who was no other than Elias Howe. On referring to his books, Colonel Walker found that the sum required was thirty-one thousand dollars. Upon receiving the information, the private wrote a draft for the sum, and received in return a memorandum certifying the advance, and promising reimbursement when the government could furnish the money.

Two or three days after, at Fairfax Court House, the regiment was paid, and there were a thousand happy men in camp. When Mr. Howe's name was called, he went up to the paymaster's desk, received twenty-eight dollars and sixty cents of his own money, and signed the receipt therefor, "Private Elias Howe, Jr." We can not be surprised at some of the officers of neighboring regiments sending over to inquire if they could "borrow" this private for a while from the Seventeenth Connecticut.

During the winter Mr. Howe was twice prostrated by sickness, first by dysentery, and afterwards by fever. It was proposed to convey him to the officers' hospital; but he insisted on being taken to the hospital of the privates, and to be treated in all respects as a private soldier. There was no difference, however, in essential points, between the hospitals for officers and those for private soldiers.

When the spring came, and the regiment was about to enter upon active service and to make long marches, it became clear to Mr. Howe that he could be nothing but an encumbrance, and, therefore, after rendering all the service which a man in his physical condition could render, he reluctantly asked a discharge and returned home. He used to say to the soldiers:

"I've got to leave you, boys. I'm of no use here; but never mind; when your time is out, come to me at Bridgeport. I'm building a large sewing-machine factory there, and I shall have plenty of work for those who want it."

Many of his comrades took him at his word and are now at work under him in various capacities.—Honest "Mike," after faithfully serving out his term, went to his home, and has advanced from driving Mr. Howe's carriage to driving his own horse and cart, which he is still doing.

Mr. Howe's enlistment to serve in the ranks of the army was due to a genuine patriotic impulse.

An officer of his regiment related to me a conversation which he had with him one gloomy day in camp, when bad news was coming in from the West.

"Well," said the officer, what do you think the trash we call our property will be worth when this is all over?"

"So that this thing is settled right," said Mr. Howe, "I don't care a copper. As for me, give me three acres of land. and I can earn my living upon it, and that's all I want."

Ask Mother First.

I was walking toward is home late one afternoon in winter. The country all around was covered with a deep snow, that seemed of a purer white than ever in the light of the departing day. I heard the voices of children behind me; and their little feet stepped fast over the hard, crisp snow. They passed along beside me, and I saw that one was a little girl of about eight years, and her companion was a boy somewhat older. The girl wore a pretty crimson hood, which was quite becoming to her cheeks, made rosy by the fine winter air. She was drawing a sled. The little boy had a sled to.

"Come, Annie," he said, "let's go down to Pine Hill now; it's splendid coasting there; and we shall have time for some first-rate slides before dark."

"I must go and ask mother first, Henry," said Annie. She did not drawl out the words dolefully, as if she did not like to have to ask her mother; but she in a very pleasant and cheerful tone. She hurried along with her sled, and Henry after her. I soon lost sight of them; but I could not forget Annie. I thought to myself. "How safe that child will always be, if she keeps to her rule—"I must ask mother first!"

I know children who have sometimes got into a great deal of trouble because they did *not* "ask mother first." Remember, that it is unsafe to do anything you think it possible your mother would not like to have you do.

Children, I mean boys as well as girls, you will be saved a great deal of unhappiness if you *ask mother first.—Child at Home.*

The Lights in the Tunnel.

I was traveling upon a road which I had never passed before. There was a long train of cars crowded with passengers. In the afternoon, while there yet remained an hour of daylight, I noticed the lamps were being lighted. We journeyed on, and I watched their faint glimmering flames; scarcely could they be distinguished in the bright light of day. I wondered why they were lighted so early. Suddenly we passed into darkness. Then the lights shone with a strong, steady ray. All through the tunnel they burned brilliantly. How dependant we were upon them. Could it be possible they were the same flames which a few minutes before turned so dimly? Yes, they were the same, only brought into view by the surrounding gloom.

How like Gods promises, I thought. When the sun of prosperity shines upon us, we may greatly undervalue them. But when adversity and affliction enclose us with thick shades of night, our faith bursts a strong and steady flame, and chases away the darkness and gloom of despair. We feel how weak and feeble we are. We cannot take one sted without the light which comes from above to guide our wandering feet. Our souls rest upon God's promises as our only hope.—Without them we should be in deepest night. Let us have true and living faith, and we may rest secure that when we need its cheering ray it will not desert us, but become a burning and shining light to guide us on our journey to the promised haven of rest.

Rifled Shot.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a sermon delivered in Plymouth Church recently, produced the following picture:

"Men seem ashamed of labor, and often you will find those who have made themselves respected by labor, have built up a business and amassed a fortune, who turn to their sons and say: "You shall never do as I did; you shall lead a different life; you shall be spared all this." Oh, these rich men's sons! They aim to lead a life of elegant leisure; and that is a life of emasculated idleness and laziness. Like the polype that floats useless and nasty upon the sea, all jelly, all flabby, no muscle, no bone—it shuts and opens, and opens and shuts, and snoks in and squirts out again, of no earthly account, influence or use. Such are these poor fools. Their parents toiled and grew strong, built up their names of iron and bone; but denying all this their sons they turn them upon the world boneless, muscleless, simply gristle, and soft at that."

Temperance Best for Travelers.

Bruce, the celebrated African traveler, in giving advice to strangers about to visit "the putrid climates of Lower Arabia, Abyssinia, Sennaar, and Egypt itself," says:—"I lay down, as a positive rule of health, that spirits and all fermented liquors should be regarded as poisonous; and for fear of temptation, not so much as to be carried along with you, unless for outward application. Spring or running water, if you can find it, is to be your only drink."

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We do not desire to put innocent purchasers to cost or inconvenience in this matter, but our rights must be respected. We, therefore give fair notice that all persons infringing upon our rights, as above named, will be prosecuted and held responsible for damages.

B. B. DUNN, Waterville,
D. M. DUNHAM, Bangor.

Having purchased an interest in the Rights above specified, I unite in the foregoing notice. JOHN C. FLINT, Bangor.
Bangor, May 13th, 1867. 24tf

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☞ Phamphlets and all desired information to be had at the office of the Company, immediately over the Banking Room of the First National Bank. G. P. COCHRANE, Agent.
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